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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THIS is the close season for political speeches; the statesmen, like the summer, have fled far afield. But there are still chance meetings and casual discussions off-stage; and these are concerned in the main with the bleak financial position. Quite apart from the increase of unemployment, there is certain to be a heavy deficit on next year's Budget.

There is a school which believes that the best method of dealing with this deficit is not another increase in income-tax, but a ten per cent. *ad valorem* tariff for revenue on imports. The idea seems to make some appeal to the Labour rank and file, already attracted by the project of import boards; and we are likely to hear a good deal more of it during the next six months.

A by-election of the ordinary three-cornered kind, which was proceeding peacefully enough in the select suburban atmosphere of Bromley, has

been complicated by the appearance of a fourth entrant. As the Conservative candidate supported at least 99 per cent. of the Beaverbrook policy, this Empire Free Trade advocate appeared to be superfluous; but in fact he turns out to be a Rothermere candidate, and his appearance can only confuse the issue.

Lord Rothermere's policy, as far as I understand it from his various pronouncements, is something essentially different from Lord Beaverbrook's proposals. He is, of course, perfectly entitled to start his own party, run his own candidates, and get them returned to Westminster if he can. But this course is likely to result in very considerable confusion, and unless his plans are very carefully laid, its chief result will be to assist the Labour or Liberal organization.

It is almost inconceivable that the delegates to the forthcoming Trade Union Congress should make such fools of themselves as to adopt a resolution in favour of shorter hours. Such a policy, if put into practice, must in the long run mean



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lower wages, while what is surely required at the present time is not less work, but more. For sheer muddled thinking, commend me to the framers of economic resolutions at congresses, whatever their nature.

On the other hand, the demand for a fortnight's holiday a year with pay strikes me as only just. From the point of view of the employer, too, it should be good business, for if the clerk is better for a holiday so is his brother at the bench, and the more contented the worker the better it is for the firm that employs him. If the Trade Union Congress will only concentrate on this it will have the public behind it.

While I sympathize deeply with the men who are being discharged by the railway companies, it is impossible not to agree that the traffic returns are rendering this course inevitable. At the same time, I cannot see why the same policy is not applied to some of the directors, for several of the boards are encumbered with dead-heads, whose fees might well be saved. After all, it is a wise saying that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

A pretty row seems to be blowing up over the proposed employment of women for night work at the telephone exchanges. It is admitted that as operators they are better than men, but the latter object to them working at night, though not, I imagine, from purely chivalrous motives. For the life of me I cannot see what sex has to do with the matter, and, if women are better at the work, the authorities surely owe it to the taxpayer that prejudice shall not be allowed to stand in the way.

At the moment of writing, the fifth and last Test Match is in a state of suspended animation. But it cannot have been much more tedious watching nothing happen in the rain on Thursday than watching very little happen on the four earlier days. The game has become too slow for all except Methuselahs, pensioners, and tortoises, and for my part I have seen my last Test.

Not even the spectacle of an England XV. trying to get even with an Australian eleven would tempt me to the Oval for one of these slow-motion exhibitions again. County cricket is often worth seeing, and club and village cricket the best fun in the world. But international cricket has become a bore of the first magnitude.

It seems rather extraordinary that the *Daily Herald* should ask its readers to subscribe to a testimonial to Hobbs. The great Surrey player is, I hope and believe, a richer man than most of his fellow-professionals, for he has a shop in Fleet Street as well as first place at the Oval. To encourage inequalities of this kind can hardly be the best way to "Socialism in our Time."

But as the Labour paper in the same issue allowed a fashion expert to declare that the perfect income is £6,000 a year, though she handsomely admitted that one can spend more without difficulty, I can only suppose the *Herald* to be a little

tepid even over Mr. Maxton's qualified recipe of Socialism in Twenty-five Years. At this rate it will take a geological epoch.

If it be true that the War Office is contemplating a redistribution of the troops in the country, this is to be welcomed. At present they are for the most part scattered about the kingdom in such small units as to make training very difficult, while many of the barracks are in the last degree unsatisfactory. It is to be hoped, however, that the regimental depots will be left in the country towns, for they help to strengthen the local connexion which, in its turn, assists the Territorials.

The existing distribution dates partly from Jacobite times, and partly from the industrial troubles that marked Sidmouth's tenure of the Home Office, when the troops had to perform the functions of the modern police. As a result, the sites of some barracks are extremely valuable; though I trust that if it proves possible to sell any of them the money will be devoted to military purposes, and not swallowed up in what are euphemistically known as "social services."

A bare fortnight separates us from the meeting of the League of Nations, and it is clear that the chief event on that occasion will be M. Briand's speech on his projected European Federation. Germany and Italy will obviously persist in their refusal to have anything to do with it so long as there is no alteration of the Peace Treaties, which no French Minister dare promise, but the probable attitude of the ineffable Mr. Henderson fills me with alarm.

The amiable lay preacher who sits in the chair of Castlereagh and Canning was, if reports are true, only just prevented in time from committing this country to a Mediterranean Locarno during the recent Naval Conference, and he is the very man to fall for M. Briand's plausible scheme. It is also rumoured that Mr. MacDonald is desirous of going back on the official British reply, so that between the sentimentality of the Prime Minister and the stupidity of the Foreign Secretary the outlook for the national interests is none too bright.

To flirt with the French project is in very truth to court disaster, for the immediate result would be to alienate our German and Italian friends, while, when the electorate had rejected it, France, too, would feel herself aggrieved. The fate of the Geneva Protocol, however, may serve as a reminder to the Government that this country will not go beyond its Locarno commitments.

With so much else that matters pressing for the attention of Dominion statesmen when in London for the Imperial Conference, it is astonishing that the question of the appointment of Governors-General should persist. Mr. Scullin and Mr. Bennett are both credited with the intention to raise it—the first because he thinks Australia should be free to appoint an Australian, the second because he insists on Canada's right to be consulted. Mr. Bennett, we may be sure, will not make himself ridiculous by taking up any such attitude: the Dominions always are con-



sulted. As for Australia, public opinion and the Constitution both favour existing arrangements, and Mr. Scullin surely has enough on his hands without asking for more trouble.

Mr. Bennett is setting to work vigorously to show that he means business in his attacks on Mr. Mackenzie King's tariff schemes. He is using his powers to further exclusively Canadian interests, and Washington, Paris, London, and many other centres are noting his activities with some concern. New Zealand is threatening reprisals if her butter suffers in the process. In any case, Mr. Bennett is not prepared to give something for nothing. The United States will find him a hard bargainer. He is all out for inter-Empire trade, but not at Canada's expense. The new broom of Nationalism threatens to make a clean sweep, and we can only hope that it will not take the nap off the Imperial carpet before British statesmen have awakened to realities.

The reality of flying and its effect upon property and rural conditions generally have just been brought home to me by experience. A lady, desirous of acquiring a small country house in the South of England, approached me for further particulars about one she had seen advertised. It has between eight and ten acres of ground, there are three reception rooms and presumably about eight bedrooms, and the place possesses an attractive little garden, suitable garages, several paddocks and an adequate cottage.

After furnishing the required details I received a further communication stating that the son of the lady in question had flown over and inspected the house from the air and he was greatly attracted by its appearance. However, at the same time I was informed that the would-be buyer had decided not to purchase the place, among other reasons because there is no suitable landing ground in the immediate vicinity and because the son would therefore not be able quickly and easily to visit his parent.

Presumably there was a time when people desirous of privacy and tranquillity considered that these advantages had been infringed by the coming of railways, and there are numerous places where the inhabitants objected to the construction of lines and where, much to present discomfort, those lines pass some miles from and not through the places in question. In our own time, as we know, the appearance, popularity and increase of the motor has completely revolutionized the country side and brought within the reach of the rich and the poor places which were previously almost inaccessible.

It is good news to hear that the centenary of the death of Bolivar in December next is to be celebrated in this country. *El Libertador* was almost the greatest man that the New World has yet produced, and his career is all too little known in Great Britain, though it was only with the help of Canning that he was able to accomplish so much. He also spent some months in London during a visit which he paid to Europe in his youth.

## THE INDIAN FRONTIER MENACE

WE trust that the attitude which we have always consistently adopted towards Indian affairs will absolve us from any suspicion of a desire to fish in troubled waters, but we feel compelled to say that we are by no means satisfied with the position which the Government has thought fit to take up in respect of the disturbances on the North-West frontier. It may be that the policy of letting the Afridis exhaust themselves against the defences of Peshawar is the right one, or it may be that the inactivity which Downing Street and Simla have imposed upon the local authorities is merely encouraging the invaders. We do not know, for the simple reason that the Government is taking good care that the British Press and public shall be kept in the dark as to what is actually happening. When, therefore, we say we are dissatisfied, we mean that we are dissatisfied with the policy of reticence, for of the military policy that is being pursued not enough evidence is forthcoming for us, or anyone else, to say whether it is right or wrong. We observe, for example, that on Wednesday Mr. Winston Churchill broke the traditional silence of August—the statesman's Ramadan—by a speech on Indian policy, in which he criticized vigorously and effectively the conception of Dominion status and other matters that will come up for discussion in the autumn. But Mr. Churchill had nothing definite to say on the Peshawar affair, no doubt for the simple and sufficient reason that he had not enough material to his hand to speak with conviction or authority on the frontier problem; and when even Mr. Churchill has to refrain from possible indiscretions, it is not for his fellow-journalists to be more venturesome.

But this conspiracy of silence on the part of the Government is the more disquieting in that this is the first occasion in all the long history of British rule in India that trouble on the frontier has been closely connected with sedition in the interior. The Afridi chiefs are openly demanding the release of Gandhi, and we should be surprised if, in their turn, the Congress leaders proved to be entirely ignorant of the source of supply of the rifles that are being sold to the invaders at a price far below their market value. Furthermore, we cannot avoid the suspicion that the employment of aeroplanes is due rather to the desire to lead the world to think that nothing much is happening than to a belief in their efficiency for the accomplishment of the work in hand, whereas the use of land forces would attract a considerable amount of attention, both at home and abroad. In short, we should like to believe that the silence of the Government is due to its concern for British and Indian interests at the present juncture, and not merely to a conviction that this policy will best suit the convenience of the Labour Party, but we find ourselves unable to arrive at such a conviction.

For the moment there is clearly a lull in the fighting round Peshawar, and we trust that this may be taken to mean that the Afridis have thought better of their attempt to make India safe for democracy. Nevertheless, even if this does happily prove to be the case, it is obvious that the danger of another irruption will always be

present. In these circumstances, we trust that the representatives of the Opposition, will insist at the forthcoming Round Table Conference that the recommendation of the Simon Commission that the defence of the frontier province remain an Imperial concern be upheld. In the days of the Roman dyarchy the most important provinces were administered by the Emperor, and only those that were unexposed to attack were left to the care of the Senate. This would appear to be, as Sir John Simon and his colleagues suggested, an arrangement that might well be adopted in India. Meanwhile, we should like to know what are the chances of Peshawar becoming another Khartoum.

### THE CHURCH ON MODERN LIFE

THE report of the Lambeth Conference—which has probably been read with more, rather than less, general interest for having been issued in the middle of the holiday season—shows distinct changes of emphasis and content when compared with its predecessors. The intractable question of the reunion of Christendom, the main problem before the previous Conference, was indeed discussed, and fraternal personal greetings were exchanged with various other Christian bodies. But the fact that these salutations came from the Free Churchmen, the Moravians, and the Orthodox Eastern Churches, but not from the Roman Catholics, indicates that reunion must at best be partial and incomplete. The Malines Conversations have definitely failed, and that particular form of approach is not likely to be tried again in the lifetime of this generation. This would seem to show that the Church of England is now steering a point or so more in the Protestant direction than before; but we are not quite sure that this is really a correct interpretation of the position. The Free Churches here and overseas are evidently willing to co-operate, and they do in fact co-operate with the Church of England in many useful and excellent causes. But the fact remains that the insistence on ordination as essential to full recognition by the last Lambeth Conference has chilled the amity of the first advances, and we may presume that the same fundamental episcopal principle is responsible for the absence of any proposals from the Presbyterian and Lutheran Churches. The reunion of Protestantism, then, seems little less remote than the reunion of Christendom.

The Lambeth Encyclical is also silent on questions of doctrine and ritual. We do not take this to mean, however, that these questions have ceased to trouble the faithful, but that in the opinion of the Conference there is nothing that can usefully be said on these matters at the moment. And from another angle this very silence on doctrine seems to us to mark a notable advance; for in another section of the report the authority of science to speak on problems with which it is specifically concerned is frankly and wisely recognized; and the implication is clear. Scientific enquiry is not directly or immediately concerned with theology. But its discoveries directly affect our view of the universe, and therefore of the God behind the universe, and therefore of the beliefs which intelligent and religious men hold of the

universe and of the nature of God. Since these things are so—and are recognized to be so by the more learned clergy who are in touch with the thoughts of the day—it is probable that the emphasis, and even the content of some portion of Christian doctrine, may have to be modified; to the pain, no doubt, of some, but to the gain eventually of all. But we take it that the Church is ready to learn as well as to teach; and the new revelations of God's will which science exposes to us daily should in the end add to rather than detract from the truth to which it is the business of the Church to bear witness. The frank recognition of this fact will do something to bring back to the Church the sympathy of those younger spirits who have been temporarily alienated by the opposition to new knowledge which has been somewhat painfully evident in the ecclesiastical rearguard actions of the last fifty years.

It is not our business here to speak of the more technical recommendations of the report; such, for example, as that which forbids the remarriage of the innocent party in a divorce at the altar, but authorizes the approach of the same innocent party to the same altar at Holy Communion. To the ordinary lay intelligence the distinction seems illogical, but that may simply be due to lack of knowledge of ecclesiastical principle. And on other grave social matters we are glad to observe that the report speaks out frankly and with courage; its language is that of men concerned to find the truth and not, as the irreverent have sometimes observed of other ecclesiastical pronouncements of late years, the meaningless chatter of a pack of old women saying nothing at great length. The Church of England has faced the problem of birth control, and, with specific limitations, has endorsed it. The decision will bring spiritual comfort to thousands who have been troubled by the contrast between moral and economic conduct; and that, we take it, will more than repay the inevitable controversy which this pronouncement—and its frank divergence from Roman Catholic teaching—must evoke.

It would obviously be absurd, at the end of a short article, to pretend to examine at all closely the language in which this departure from past theory is recognized. That battle has yet to be fought, and since there is a good deal to be said on both sides, some hard blows will be given and taken. But one point may legitimately be made in conclusion. The recognition by the Church that the contemporary pressure of population affects the teaching of the past on what has been taken to be an essential point of morality must touch more than the particular matter with which it deals. It is also a tacit and implied recognition of the relativity of ethics which may have somewhat wide repercussions. If changed conditions affect ethical doctrine in one respect, they may affect it in another, and the Church may find it difficult in future to avoid embarrassing questions on other grave social and economic matters.

The times are not easy, and men's minds are disturbed lest the future should be even more troubled than the present. But if the Church shows courage in these difficult days, and definitely breaks with the policy of compromise and even of silence which has often hampered and weakened it in the past, it is likely to gain something even from its mistakes.



## WITH KING EDWARD IN THE HOLY LAND—IV

## NEW LETTERS OF DEAN STANLEY

EDITED BY HECTOR BOLITHO

THE next letter was written from Athens: We went off almost immediately in royal carriages to the Palace—to the King and Queen. Just the same rooms. The King and Queen—the King dressed in Greek costume, a tall ugly man—the Queen in blue, looking just the same. The Prince went in a few minutes before. There was a vast clashing of voices, sounding as if half a dozen Rianettes had got hold of him, and they hurried him off into an inner room, whither Prince Leiningen soon followed, and we were left in the large room with the Greek Maitresse and two or three Chamberlains and Aides-de-Camp. I find that Prince Leiningen's position is a matter of great curiosity and difficulty to them—and twice over I have explained it in the same manner. "The mother of Queen Victoria had two husbands, etc., etc."

After about half an hour, the Royal Personages came out again, clashing in the same way, and were thus presented (or rather we to them) to each of us. The King's remarks were of the most commonplace kind, and as he is very deaf, ours were of no importance to him. The Prince had said something to the Queen about my presentation last year, so she passed me by with (very little more than) "Ah! Je vous ai déjà vue." A few words about Sir T. Wyse, and so on to someone else, as much as to say, "I did my business with you a year ago, and need not go through it again."

You may suppose the longing that I have to be off.

Apollonia, June 2

We are all in good spirits; H.R.H. at having no more antiquities in prospect, the rest at the near view of home. . . . I preached yesterday what may be my last sermon on 1 Cor. xv, 9, St. Paul in Europe.

A new cargo of novels was imported at Athens—Channings, Strange Story, etc.

We all went on board the flagship the *Marlborough*—a splendid sight—to me of course not very intelligible. But it was interesting to me to observe H.R.H. going through it, perhaps with a few degrees more of interest than through the Parthenon, and with the same complete decorum as on his last days in a Temple or a Church.

One or two things have dropped out, relating to the Sultan's breakfast, that are curious. There was no wine—nothing but water. He took no farewell of the Prince, made no bow, merely a slight motion with his head.

I was thinking at the dinner last night, what are the points which I have gained by being with the Prince on this journey. One is such dinners as that last night—as those at Constantinople, meeting all the chief authorities. That I rate the first. Another is the luxury and comfort of locomotion, though this is so greatly counter-balanced by the loss of liberty that it almost vanishes. The Mosque of Hebron is, I think, the only place, to which his presence was the means of access.

He has, I think, a clever way of repeating as his own things that he has heard. The French Minister at Constantinople he pronounced to be "pinée." The Flagship he could not enter "without awe." Perhaps these may be original, but I doubt it. He certainly has picked up a vast amount of official phraseology, Turkish and otherwise, which will stand him in good stead. I am curious to know what impression we left behind in Athens. The lack of interest in him must have been covered, I think, by the prostration of the whole party. The Hills, and I should suppose the King and Queen also, must have been much surprised at his not staying

over Sunday to see the Consecration of the new Cathedral—and to be there on the King's Birthday.

Malta, June 5

. . . . The streets crowded with people, and flags, and flowers, and triumphal arches—the most brilliant reception that H.R.H. has had. There is a curious turn given to the demonstrations for England, viz., a strong feeling against annexation to Italy, which is what the V. Immanuel party desire. There in large letters, "Union with England for ever," which means "No Union with Italy."

The Queen in a letter to General Bruce expresses her wish to see me as soon as I return, and her hope that my relations with her "dear boy" will continue. Alas! Would that I could foresee any way in which they could continue usefully to him. But I shall not give him up, unless he gives me up. I cannot help thinking too, sometimes, that were I to start on the journey again with my present experience, I could manage it rather better.

The Queen (this of course most private) speaks of herself as "failing in power, in memory, a wreck." I forget whether I told you of the expression in a letter to H.R.H. "It is an awful thing to bear a crown alone."

Meade is now and then extremely witty. When we were driving up to Athens, from the Piræus, on that last afternoon, to be presented to the King and Queen, he was pulling on a pair of gloves with great difficulty. "I am afraid," he said, "that if the Queen should wish to kiss my hand, she should find it soft and muggy." The Governor was exceedingly pompous, but he deserves immense credit for his restoration of the antiquities of the Order, and for his plantations and improvements of the island.

Lady Le Marchant I thought pleasant at first—but she had either lost her memory or had an exceeding poverty of conversation. No less than six times she pointed out to me (what was very curious) a portrait of Louis XVII, and six times over I answered that I was charmed to see it and had never seen one before. His Aides-de-Camp were overflowing with attention beyond any other place we have been in.

One of them was telling us of the presents which (as we thought somewhat questionably) the Governor had made to the P. of some of the trophies from the Armoury. I beckoned him to me, and said, "Can you just do me a favour?"

He came all devotion and attention, and I said as gravely as I could, "As the Governor has given these things to the P. there would be perhaps no difficulty in your procuring for me the original Bull of Pope Paschal confirming the Order of St. John. I should particularly like to have it."

You should have seen the comical changes from entire readiness to blank despair, and then the intense amusement.

I forget whether I described H.R.H. going to St. John's Church, being met at the door by the Archbishop's (representative) who addressed him in a long Italian speech "which" (said H.R.H.) "I was surprised to find that I understood."

H.R.H. gave great satisfaction as usual. He is an odd mixture of unaffected dislike of publicity, and at the same time annoyance at not being duly recognized. I am struck by the ease with which he at once descends to our level, when all the show is over.

They left the *Osborne* at Marseilles, travelling overland. The Prince arrived in England late in June, pausing at Fontainebleau on the way, to see the Emperor of the French.

(Concluded)

## DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT

DEMOCRACY is to-day a word of as many meanings as there are people who use it, and it is well that we should be reminded from time to time that it had originally a very definite meaning which it very definitely conveyed; a meaning which, to those who are careful in their use of words, it has never lost. In a little book\* recently published, Mr. Alan F. Hattersley dealt very thoroughly in the space at his disposal with the history of democracy and the democratic idea, the former being taken literally, as the Athenians took it and applied it, and the latter as the European peoples have transformed it and adapted it to circumstances as they have arisen. In the course of his review, Mr. Hattersley dealt mainly with the various experiments which have been made in "government subjected to popular sovereignty" from that of Athens in the fifth century B.C. to that of Australia in the twentieth A.D. Throughout he is quite aware that many an antique autocracy and many a medieval and modern aristocracy was firmly based upon popular approval, but he does not seem to be as aware that the autocracies of the old world had little in common with the autocracies of the new. Yet, strangely enough, the one example of a pre-Hellenic autocracy being carried over into the post-Hellenic world escapes him. The great centralized bureaucracy through which the later Roman emperors governed was borrowed to a great extent from Egypt, and it was this antique, highly organized government which, placed again on a theocratic basis, the Papacy, in turn, endeavoured to fasten upon Christendom. Roman Emperor and sovereign Pontiff alike, what were they but Pharaohs very thinly disguised?

It is often assumed that before the Greeks invented democracy, the peoples of the world were the unwilling victims of tyrannies under which they groaned. False as this assumption undoubtedly is, it cannot be questioned that the democratic idea introduced into an ordered and formalized world a new force of immeasurable potency. It was in the social-political field the equivalent of the beginning of life in an inorganic universe. Before it, growth was accretion, dissolution either attrition or catastrophe. After it, there was social metabolism, a continual breaking down and building up of the social structure; growth was from within and the State became purposive, self-conscious and experimental, and no matter how far this or that government strayed from the true democratic faith, the idea itself was never extirpated.

The potency of the idea of democracy, as of every Hellenic idea, is that it flatters the individual, favours movement and prevents stagnation, suggests if it does not compass progress, and makes for freedom, if only for freedom of thought. Before freedom of thought was born in Ionia, the civilizations of the world were based upon immutable because divine laws. The Gods ruled, and Kings and Pharaohs were but their vicegerents, willingly obeyed as such, but only as such. No man was free, and the king was as bound as the meanest of his subjects; closer bound, indeed, for all eyes were upon him. Nevertheless, to suppose that the peoples of Babylonia and Egypt had no share in the government of their countries because they met in no legislative assemblies and cast no votes would be to err. To them from the cradle to the grave the business of the State was a ritual in which all, from the highest to the lowest, had their appointed place. Custom governed all public and much private conduct, and if public opinion was inarticulate that was because it was omnipotent. If we seek the origin of the divine King and his rule we shall discern it in the "com-

munist" of primitive animistic peoples which has less in common with democracy than Mr. Hattersley seems to suppose.

The historic Greek when we first meet him is already saturated in the Ægean and Anatolian culture and has long been familiar with Syria and Egypt. He has taken his world as he found it and has remoulded it nearer to his heart's desire. His essential thought is his own, and it is essentially free, and, despite his respect for tradition, corrosive even of the traditions that win his respect. The Greek thinks about things, and nothing in the world into which he has intruded bears thinking about. Why the Greek should have been so different from other men we do not know. The physiography of Greece may explain the Greek City States, but it does not explain the Greek mentality. Perhaps the most plausible assumption is that his mind is the Aryan mind, the mind of that people whose dispersal somewhere in the third millennium A.C. brought about such amazing changes in the antique world. It may be that Professor Gordon Childe in his great study of Indo-European origins is too modest in his claims for the Aryan, for it really does seem that, in addition to his incomparable language, he brought with him everywhere a sense of freedom, a breath of fresh air into a fusty world. It is true that we never meet an uncontaminated Aryan; but we discern this sense of freedom in Homer's Achæans, in the pre-imperial Persians, in the Vedic Indians, in the early Romans and in the Teutonic tribes.

Be that as it may, from the time of the Athenian Republic onwards no European State has ever been entirely free from the democratic idea. Even the strongest autocracy had from time to time to make terms with it; so that we find Mr. Hattersley coming in the end to the conclusion that "the actual form of political constitution may be regarded as largely immaterial. It will be democratic, in its underlying principles, if it rests on the fullest possible recognition of human rights," provided, he might have added, that the particular government in question is careful to preserve the illusion that it is the free choice of the governed. For it is when we identify democracy with freedom that we meet so many stumbling-blocks. Not even in republican Athens did democracy mean freedom from government; far from it. The Athenian did not spare himself in the service of the State; on the contrary, he subordinated himself to it, and through all history, in the matter of interference with personal liberty, we find democracies rushing in where despots would fear to tread. It may be that as our civilization becomes more and more complicated and government by experts more and more necessary, we shall waive more and more of the "liberty" we once cherished. It may be that a not very remote posterity will live as the Egyptian of the Middle Kingdom lived, contented under the rule of "The Just Laws." But whatever "freedom" we surrender, we must keep that freedom of the mind, to consider and to question, for the Aryan dispersal will never be repeated.

## THE PROBLEM OF MR. EPSTEIN

BY ADRIAN BURY

MR. EPSTEIN is undoubtedly the most stimulating sculptor in England to-day. His work possesses force and mystery. Whether he is a great sculptor it is too early to judge. Between the few people who praise him extravagantly and those who abuse him there are many who seek to understand him and place his work in just relation to the outstanding achievements in sculpture.

The sculptor himself is fortunate in possessing a temperament impervious to praise or blame. Unlike some artists who try to explain in words what they

\* 'A Short History of Democracy.' By Alan F. Hattersley. Cambridge University Press. 6s.



have failed to do in paint, marble or bronze, Mr. Epstein wisely prefers to remain silent. One thing is certain. No sooner is a public work by Mr. Epstein unveiled than it becomes the centre of heated controversy. We can remember the hostility to his tomb to Wilde in Père Lachaise, the antagonism to the figures on the British Medical Association's building in the Strand, the wordy warfare over his Christ, Rima and the Night and Day figures.

Why do this sculptor's efforts call forth such derisive enmity and such a spirited defence?

There are people who argue that Mr. Epstein is insincere, that he purposely tries to outrage public opinion for the sake of notoriety. No artist in his senses would deliberately and consistently seek unpopularity. What would be the gain either morally or materially?

There are others who affirm that every innovator among artists is condemned by his contemporaries. This is not true. Many of the world's finest creative minds have been applauded in their own time. The problem of Mr. Epstein is psychological and ethnographical.

This country can boast of a number of eminent painters. Although they came late in the cycle of European art, we have and have had our proportion of geniuses. In sculpture, however, the English race is conspicuously poor. Save in one or two isolated instances the influence of neither the Greeks nor the Florentines has penetrated very deeply. But what we do know about sculpture is founded, however hazardingly, on these standards.

In Mr. Epstein's public works there is no suggestion of these periods. His style is so different as to cause a shock to the minds of those whose notions of sculpture are based upon such sentimental nonsense as Peter Pan, such accomplished bombast as the Victoria memorial in the Mall, or the hundred and one realistic pieces of statuary which disgrace rather than adorn our cities. I mention these examples as indicative of popular taste. But the lover of the final classics of sculpture, in the western world, the ideals of Phidias, Praxiteles, della Quercia, Donatello, Michelangelo, and Verrocchio might well find himself among the lesser cultivated and experienced critics of Mr. Epstein.

I suggest that a reason why this sculptor's work annoys many people is because it is unhuman, by which I mean that it offers none of the warmth and joy of the Greek ideal, none of the appealing beauty, pathos and descriptive strength of the Renaissance. Mr. Epstein never glorifies the human form, and thus makes no concessions to the innate vanity in mankind. His gods are aloof and unapproachable. Although he is called a modern, he is only so in that his work is unusual. The sculptor's ideals are rooted in antiquity older than the Greeks at their zenith. There are traces of Assyrian and Egyptian feeling in his conceptions. His outlook is essentially Asiatic, though the spirit of much of his work accords with the primitives of all epochs, from the prehistoric statuette of a woman discovered in the Austrian cavern of Willendorf, the early Dorian Apollo, the African fetish to the medieval sculpture to be found at Chartres and Vézelay.

Even his most intelligible public work, the figures on the Medical building, exhibits the broad simplicity of a mind untrammelled with superfluous knowledge. This is perhaps Mr. Epstein's best effort in this style, for he has kept his personality in restraint and wisely wedded it to architectural necessity. These figures adequately fulfil the purpose for which they were intended and are subordinate to the building.

Not so the recent effigies symbolizing Night and Day on the Underground building. They have no relation to their background. They are merely shapes of stone flung as it were by a giant hand at a plain wall. Amid the simple mathematics of

this building they are utterly meaningless. What is worse, they have no æsthetic or emotional value in themselves. They are too self-consciously abstract to be acceptable. The sculptor does not convince us that he is in earnest. He has tried to forget too much and sacrificed his knowledge ineffectively.

Like his Rock Drill, his Venus and the piece entitled "Cursed be the day that I was born," Night and Day are merely a kind of sportiveness. They are experiments in metaphysics and have gone beyond the border line of sense and probability. They have no more interest than the lava sculpture of Easter Island. But whereas the latter are as near as their makers could approach to visual truth, the former are as far as Mr. Epstein can escape from it.

We must not forget that the primitives could only be primitive. Mr. Epstein in his portrait busts reveals great scholarship. His study of Mrs. Ambrose McEvoy puts him for a moment into the category of the Renaissance. The work is full of academic knowledge. In this and the portrait of Mrs. Epstein he shows a tenderness and reverence for women which suggests the age of chivalry and faith. He takes humanity by the hand. Again, in such heads as the sleeping Peggy Jean and Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Howard de Walden, he allows facts to lead him to the consummation of two things of intimate and obvious beauty. Although the sculptor and many of his admirers may not agree, I fancy that Mr. Epstein's reputation as an important sculptor will stand with these smaller works rather than with the obscure Rima and the dramatic Christ. There is the concentration and passion of a great mind in these details. But in the busts of Lord Fisher and Joseph Conrad he exhibits only the meretricious vigour of caricature, the easiest form of all expression.

To sum up, Mr. Epstein is a primitive with too much knowledge. In trying to forget what he has seen and learnt, he is apt to wander too far in the arid desert of abstraction. He is divided between his fear of repeating what has been done and his desire to do what has never been done before. But it is this quality which makes him at once the most remarkable of contemporary sculptors and a dangerous influence to followers whose minds and hands are not so adroit as his. We owe much to him, however, for the contrast he affords us in his work to the appalling mediocrity of certain aspects of Victorian sculpture.

## "COME TO BRITAIN." THE HUSH-HUSH POLICY

BY R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

THE "hush-hush" policy of the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland can only serve to defeat its own ends. Of course, all of us—assuming us to be Britons, and not infatuated haters of foreigners—are bound to approve of its objects. We must desire that Americans should visit our country in increasing numbers every year, not necessarily because we cannot do without their company, but because we need their dollars as a contribution to our repayments of Europe's debts. France has organized herself from end to end as a pleasure resort for American tourists. "Hospitality" has become one of her leading industries. She has used every device of persuasion to lure to her shores travellers bent on pleasure or self-improvement. It is right that we should do the same, and neglect no act of legitimate advertisement which can draw the globe-trotters to Britain. That is the object of the Travel Association. It is a laudable, patriotic object.

It was a sound instinct which led the Homeric hero, like a modern pugilist, to scoff at his opponent's prowess and avow his own superiority. By this means he daunted the enemy and inspired confidence among his backers. On the same principle the Travel Association would have all the newspapers of this country raise a shout which can be heard in America declaring that there is nothing in Great Britain which does not tend to make a visit here a dream of delight. Our hotel accommodation is perfect; our cuisine incomparable; our open-air cafés abundant; our theatres at their best in August; our sunshine dependable. No matter whether it is true or not—say it. Never give aid and comfort to the enemy by grousing. Do not destroy confidence by criticism. With this propagandist principle firmly fixed in its mind the Association used all its influence with newspaper proprietors to suppress any adverse criticism of the agencies which minister to pleasure. That policy, I submit, was unsound and foolish, and could do nothing but harm to the cause. Every business man knows that the proper preliminary to advertisement is to make sure that the thing he wants to sell is adapted to the needs of the prospective purchaser. Achilles, we may be certain, did not neglect his muscles, and we are expressly told that he provided himself with special armour and even enlisted the service of a goddess before he boasted that he was superior to Hector. No prize-fighter will be "confident of winning" until he has trained. For the same reason it is no good advertising that our hotels and our cooking are the best in the world until we have made them so. There could be no worse advertisement than the report of the tourists who, having been assured of the best, go home to record a disappointing experience.

The first step, then, if we would attract foreign visitors to Britain, is to improve the pleasure facilities. So far as the Press is concerned, it can only promote this end by confining praise to the things which deserve praise and directing criticism frankly and fearlessly to the things which demand criticism. The hush-hush method only leads to complacency and inefficiency, and blinds caterers to faults which are palpable to their customers. There are plenty of things which we can loudly and candidly praise. We can praise British bus-conductors, railway porters, Mr. Lansbury's mixed bathing in the Serpentine, fire-engines, life-boats, old churches, Chelsea pensioners and the lakes of Cumberland. There are hundreds of conspicuous British objects whose praises we might fill columns with singing, when the space is available. But if we are free to praise we must be free to criticize. There are some things which it is important to point out: for example, that Americans are extremely particular about baths, and running hot and cold water in every hotel bedroom; and that French hotel-keepers, though not temperamentally disposed to the lavish use of water, have appreciated the American taste, with the result that from one end of France to the other even the smaller hotels are now equipped with installations for providing water (h. and c.) in every guest-room.

Is there anything to be gained by ignoring the fact that the vast majority of British hotels make no such provision? In a score of ways they are superior to French hotels. Their cleanliness is certain. Their sanitation is beyond question. The attendance is more to be relied on, since the staff is not overworked. If you want hot water you have only to ring the bell and a neat chamber-maid will bring it in a small can. But the hot-water pipes are lacking. Some of the largest first-class hotels in England are unprovided with this simple equipment. But this is just what the Americans will not do without, and to satisfy them the French hotel-keepers have abandoned every personal instinct and every tradition of their race. We, by tradition cleanly, if clumsy, retain our clumsiness, and refuse to yield an inch to the American

conception of comfort. Is there any reason why the Press should not seek to persuade the hotel-keepers that their tradition, though a high one, is not necessarily the highest, and, anyway, is out of date? Improvement, surely, is not past praying for.

And is this any reason why we should be silent about the fact that while we have been so conservative in the matter of hot-water cans, we have been so yielding in the matter of food? When a foreigner goes to France or Italy, he expects French or Italian food; and he gets it. If he comes to England, he might expect English food; but he cannot get it—not, at least, in nine hotels out of ten. The English used to excel in cooking, according to their national manner, meat, duck and green peas, plum-puddings, fruit pies (not tarts) and many other things. But now even old-fashioned country hotels generally provide French menus, and cooking that is neither French nor English.

These things ought to be said publicly and emphatically, because it is only by saying them that we shall get any improvement, and the kind of hospitality which attracts tourists. It is absurd to refrain from mentioning that prices are too high; that railway companies are niggardly with return tickets; that theatres are closed on Sunday; that open-air amusements, other than games and exercises, are scanty.

The Travel Association should remember that good propaganda begins at home. So far as natural beauty and art treasures are concerned, Britain has more to offer than France. But the whole French nation has laid itself out to make the most of its advantages. The agencies of the Syndicat d'Initiative links hands with the railway agencies at every tourist centre in France to facilitate "tourisme." The Government and municipal authorities encourage the distribution and display of objects of art. Opera is subsidized. Museums are well cared for. Even private citizens who own interesting chateaux are not ashamed to collect moderate fees by admitting tourists to view their treasures.

There is plenty of room for propaganda by the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland. Britons are not indifferent to natural beauty, to architecture, to drama and music, or to the lighter pleasures of life. But Great Britain in her public capacity is unmoved and apparently immovable in realizing that private pleasures are in the public interest, and that what is in the public interest is for the public profit. We pride ourselves on being a very practical nation. If we were more practical we should realize that things of the spirit, whether they be of an instructive character or merely entertaining, count for much—for the purse as well as the mind—in the profit and loss account of a modern nation.

## FRENCH NOVELS OF THE WAR

By D. WILLOUGHBY

WHEN "war fiction" is discussed in England, there is a point on which all and sundry seem ready to agree. While "the Germans began it" is common ground for militarists and pacifists, Remarque's particular responsibility is no more questioned than was the Kaiser's for the war itself a while ago. Yet, if I lift half a dozen volumes from my shelves, I have evidence to destroy the myth: proof that both 'All Quiet on the Western Front' and the reaction against it were anticipated by as many French writers.

On leave in 1917, I bought a translation of Barbusse's 'Le Feu.' I read it, in the Arras neighbourhood, with a fearful and joyous sense that I must be transgressing the whole Defence of the Realm



Act and several General Routine Orders into the bargain. For the first time I was seeing in print something that approximated to truth about the war. It was not, of course, the whole truth. "It would be a crime to exhibit the fine side of war, even if there were one!" says a character in the book; but, when censorship normally forbade mention of every disagreeable incident to active service, Barbusse was a witness to exact respect. To-day, his errors and omissions should leap to the eye. 'Le Feu' is no more than a series of tableaux of filth and outrage, having for finale a palaver of *poilus* who talk communism with an eloquence which is too obviously the author's own. However, in no novel of German origin or inspiration are ordures more plentiful or is there clearer hint of sadism in the cataloguing of horrors.

Apart from a few fine passages, such as the soldier Poterloo's apology for an unfaithful young wife, the whole of 'Le Feu' was written with the ink of anger, and survives to show that a professed pacifist can hate as rabidly as any jingo. Duhamel's 'Vie de Martyrs' belongs to the same date and as an indictment of Moloch is infinitely more effective. The author is a surgeon who wrote of battle's aftermath as he saw it in the hospitals. His book is as beautiful as it is ghastly, inspiring the pity which overcomes nausea. Duhamel was the precursor of Alverdes. Beyond the account he renders of his lamentable cases, he wastes no sentence in reproach, though in a later work, entitled 'Civilization,' there is a terribly ironic page where one reads of the armies striving for mastery on the Somme and impotent to check the plague of flies.

But it was when 'Les Croix de Bois,' by Roland Dorgelès, appeared in 1919 that the world had its first great novel of the war by a man from the trenches who suppressed nothing. Dorgelès has been called a mere reporter; also, he has been charged with drawing on his imagination. The two accusations cancel one another. Like Barbusse, he emphasized the details of beastliness; but he remembered various poor enjoyments snatched behind the line, and, perhaps regretfully, such shreds of glamour as still cling to arms. Nothing in the literature of warfare is more vivid than the scene when the remnant of his regiment, returned from a victorious struggle for a ruined village, is ordered to resume packs and rifles to march up the road for inspection by the general. One of the exhausted men cries out: "He wants to count how many he hasn't killed." Then, an officer who has been in the fight manages to persuade the rabble into sulky obedience. Finally, pride is revived by a flag, a band, some women waving hands, the general's magnificent gesture of salute. "So," says Dorgelès, "there will always be war, always, always . . ."

Less dramatically, the same idea is expressed in 'Indice 33,' when Arnoux speaks of "the perpetual antagonism between the cellules and the body." All his individual comrades, he explains, loathed war and thought ceaselessly of home and the things left at home, whereas the regiment gloried in war, had broken each link with the rear, detested civilians. Seldom in any of these books do the men display anything to be called a national peculiarity. If they are more suspicious and censorious of the higher commands than were the stoical English, their tirades against Brass Hats, by no means confined to volumes with propagandist purpose, should not be taken too seriously. The infantryman of every army was more or less an Ishmaelite. The *biffin* from his coign of disadvantage, as Dorgelès wrote, abused cooks, cavalry, artillery, staff, and civil population without partiality. Barbusse, having taken a side, mistook grousing for the rumble of revolution. Arnoux, by the way, is notable for having written half his story from the point of view of one who, holding a

specialist's job, missed war's dreadful tedium, and he is the one of the group who attempts to justify ordeal by battle.

For the rest, there is small sign that the army fighting on its own national territory was sustained by a patriotism lacking in ally or enemy. When Remarque's book appeared in France, a friendly reviewer, commenting on its characters' bewilderment, suggested that the French at least knew why they suffered. In 'Le Sel de la Terre,' Escholier had exposed that notion as only plausible. Escholier was no defeatist, yet he avowed that his Gascon peasants at Verdun were neither instinctively nor rationally heroic. As well as the invaders, they were agonizing in the dark. Their France, sacred and precious, was elsewhere; France of the map was no more to them than any other stretch of land.

After Barbusse, Duhamel, Dorgelès, Arnoux, and Escholier, a novelist taking for his theme the soldier's mind in war is bound to be repetitive. To those who have read their work, the clamour over more recent novels is incomprehensible. Remarque has simply confessed that Germans may be more naïvely gross and more naïvely sentimental than are other mortals; but their naïvety alone is strange. From the spate of later tales, German, English, or American, there is nothing fresh to gather save testimony to the obvious truth that war was equal torment to the men of every army, and that in each army men reacted to it in a variety of ways arranged by forces which made small distinction between horizon blue, field grey, and khaki.

## A DISAPPOINTMENT

THE post office of the little county town is just off the market square. The lady behind the counter was busy when I entered. With knitted brows she examined a document in front of her.

"Just a moment, sir," she said, without looking up, "I promised to have the charges on this telegram ready by the time the gentleman came back."

With brows still knitted she picked up a work of official reference and concentrated her attention on one of its informative pages. No help there.

The little office resounded to her cry of "Alfred" and a grey-haired, shirt-sleeved figure emerged from a door at the back.

"This here's a telegram to Washington D.C.," the post-mistress explained. "Now which Washington do you think that is? The book says that there's a State of Washington and then there's Washington District of Columbia, and it says that's New York."

Alfred studied both book and telegram.

"I should think it's the New York Washington," he said at last. "District of Columbia might be the same as what we should mean by a suburb. You know, like Victoria, S.W.1, that we get on our London telegrams. Pity you let the sender go, though."

"He's coming back," said the post-mistress.

"Then ask him if it's the New York Washington," said Alfred, withdrawing.

I bought my stamp. The post-mistress was fortunately garrulous. There were so many more places now than when she was at school, she explained, while I waited expectantly; and then:

"Ah, here he is."

I looked eagerly towards the door.

Alas, his appearance proclaimed him an Englishman.

H. S.



LORD PLUMER



## THE THEATRE

## PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

THIS week has seen the first of the early autumn productions, and Shaftesbury Avenue is no longer "dark." Apart, however, from some musical comedies, there are no other new plays looming immediately ahead. Meanwhile, I gather that such theatres as are open are playing to excellent business. How far this is due to the intrinsic merits of the various plays they are presenting, and how far to the fact that this summer of 1930 has been better suited to theatre-going than to evening tennis, is a question difficult to answer; probably both causes have contributed. But one thing is clear—the theatre is very much alive at present, and the menace of the cinema is still no more than a menace.

That the theatre will continue to survive the rivalry of the talkies for at least another decade, I have no doubt whatever; and by that time it is possible that television, or some other new invention, may have destroyed them both—though obviously the cinema is more directly threatened by it than is the acted drama. The danger point for the theatre will arrive when there are comparatively few people living who remember the days before the cinema was (more or less) perfected.

At the present time the entertainment-seeking public is divided, roughly, into two groups. There is the pre-war group, which includes everybody over thirty-five; and the post-war group, which includes everybody under thirty. (The thirty to thirty-five group, i.e., those who were aged between eighteen and twenty-three when the war ended, are border-line cases.) Now, the pre-war group has what may be called a pre-war culture; on the whole it is inclined to be hostile towards, or at least to regard critically, everything that did not exist before the war. It does not approve of "jazz," for instance—though it admits, reluctantly, that this cacophonous noise has a stimulant effect when dancing. And so with regard to the cinema, the pre-war group never classes it with the "real theatre," but rather with the music-hall—as a place to "drop in at" after dinner; a place where you can smoke; where you can go in as late as you like; where you neither reserve your seat, nor even bother to enquire beforehand as to what's "on"; and, above all, a place you can go to without being "dressed." Obviously, to this pre-war group there is no sort of rivalry between the theatre and the cinema. And so long as this group remains large enough to be influential in the entertainment world, the acted drama will continue.

The attitude of the post-war generation is utterly different. These young people were brought up at a time when the cinema was no longer a curious novelty, but an established form of entertainment. Indeed, there must be millions of young men and women in this country, and even in London several thousands, who have never been inside a theatre, and yet have been enthusiastic patrons of the films for ten or fifteen years. An enormous number of these millions probably never will go inside a theatre; and the proportion of the public that has never seen an acted play will, at any rate, not decrease.

Still, the fact that there are thousands of young, as well as older, people patronizing every cinema in England every week, does not mean that the theatre has lost so many thousands of former or potential playgoers. Indeed, I fancy that, in London anyway, comparatively few people have actually deserted the drama for the talkies. The vast

majority of cinema patrons belong to a class that, prior to the coming of the movies, used to crowd into the cheap suburban music-halls. They are a new and additional public seeking entertainment in the West End; if this were not the case, the theatres must obviously have had to close down years ago.

The crucial element in the population is the youth of the middle and upper middle classes—that is, of the classes which were the chief supporters of the theatre prior to the war. They have no prejudice against the cinema as an upstart entertainment, and no pre-war culture to be shocked by its æsthetic peculiarities. And I am inclined to think that the real danger to the theatre is, not that the cinema is cheaper or more comfortable, but simply that every thing about it which appals the pre-war generations—its vulgarity, its Americanism, its "canned" music (and that music, jazz!), the new-rich architecture and upholstery in which it is housed and dressed—all these, I strongly suspect, are regarded by the post-war entertainment seeker, not as regrettable features, marring an otherwise delightful thing, but as things delightful in themselves. For instance, I know for a fact that many young English cinema-goers actually prefer the noise of a strong American accent to the sound of an English voice.

Nor is this quite as surprising as it seems. I remember that, in the first few years of my experience as a theatre-goer, I found most plays delightful, and none completely boring. Their plots were then new to me and their jokes and dramatic situations less familiar than they are now. I lacked the experience necessary to a critical consideration of their merits. And so, I have no doubt, the young men and young women of the post-war generation find even the feeblest talkie quite enjoyable. And because, from their earliest years, they are familiarized with the crudest American accents, and initiated into the mysteries of the American language, and acclimatized to the vulgarities of film-American behaviour, they find nothing unpleasant, or even peculiar, in these (to the pre-war temperament) stupid and graceless and frequently bewildering features of life as it is lived in American talkie plays.

Now, paradoxical as it must sound, I foresee a possibility of the theatre eventually triumphing over the cinema for the very reason which is said to have caused the cinema to triumph temporarily over the theatre. In a sense the cinema is the cheaper form of entertainment, a comfortable stall in a luxurious picture palace costing considerably less money than the equivalent seat in the most antiquated theatre. The result is that cinema patrons go very much more frequently to the talkies than the theatre patron goes to the play. As a further consequence, I foresee exhaustion. And just as it needed only a few years of playgoing to exhaust my initial enthusiasm, so, too, it may need only a few years—at the greatly increased rate of consumption which characterizes cinema-goers—not merely to exhaust their enthusiasm, but to make them so heartily sick of the familiar faces and the familiar stories that, instead of merely reducing the number of times, per week or per month, on which they patronize the films, they may stay away from them altogether.

What will happen then? Will they, in their search for an alternative amusement, give the theatres what contemporary slang calls a "once-over"? Well, that is at any rate a possibility. Should it materialize, the theatre will, for a time, enjoy an almost inconceivable prosperity. But unless, before that moment of golden opportunity arrives, the managers of our West End theatres have modernized their out-of-date auditoria and eliminated all those nuisances which at present so unnecessarily irritate even the most loyal and devoted playgoer, they will have only themselves to blame if their new prosperity vanishes as quickly as it comes.

## THE FILMS ACROSS THE BIG POND AND BEYOND

BY MARK FORREST

*The Big Pond.* Directed by Hobart Henley. The Carlton.  
*Round the World in Fifty Minutes.* The British Movietone News Theatre.

MAURICE CHEVALIER'S new film enables people to see him in a somewhat new light—that of a legitimate talking actor. The story is the old one of the contest between American business and European romance; the Americans have been so busy telling the world that their men are men of business only that I, for one, am beginning to suspect the truth of the statement. In this picture for the *n*th time the American daughter of a chewing-gum king finds herself in a Hollywood Venice; while there she falls in love with her courier, a French aristocrat who is trying to turn an honest lira. Her irate father and her still angrier fiancé take a boat across the big pond in order to put an end to the romance. This, they think, will be accomplished if the French aristocrat is made to earn an honest dollar instead of an honest lira by being taken to America and there apprenticed to the chewing-gum factory. He is transported, put through the gum and survives to discover a new way of improving the Americans.

In his lighter moments, and especially when singing a couple of songs, Maurice Chevalier acts with all the charm which has made him such a great favourite with the public; but in the few serious moments which he has, he is not nearly so certain in his performance.

The story itself is not one which is calculated to bring out the best of anyone, but there would appear to be definite limits to the powers of Maurice Chevalier. Of the other characters, Claudette Colbert, whose first talking film to be heard in this country it is, gives a good performance as the girl, and when she has a part of more importance will win a public of her own. George Barbier as the father overacts and Marion Bellou and Frank Lyon, as the mother and the fiancé respectively, hardly act at all. Claire Koch, however, in the rôle of the child of Maurice Chevalier's New York landlady, is much more convincing than the other American child performers whom I have seen.

The management of the Avenue Pavilion in Shaftesbury Avenue have soon abandoned their policy of trying to show unusual talking pictures; such an abandonment was inevitable. The silent and the talking screen are two very different things, and the public for a talking picture which is presented in any other language but English is a very small one. The cinema has been adopted by the British Movietone News, and for upwards of an hour they are going to show films dealing with topical and interesting events all over the earth. Many people, who go to the cinema, look primarily for these and have frequently expressed their opinions that the films dealing with the news of the world should be enlarged; this section of the public is now being catered for, and if they practise what they preach the new venture should be successful.

Some idea of the kind of programme which the British Movietone News intends to show can be gathered from their first programme, which was presented this week. It included, among other things, views of Don Bradman, Mr. R. B. Bennett, the latest fashions for women and visits to some twenty countries. Here, at any rate, one can cavil neither at the acting nor the plot!

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—234

SET BY ROBERT STEELE

A. A new reporter sent in the following notice of the local regatta: "There was a poor attendance at the M—— Regatta on Thursday and it was generally agreed that the show was the poorest yet staged. None of the competitors were at all keen and there were no exciting finishes. The firework display was not worth seeing. It is time the Regatta Committee resigned."\* As the proprietor of the paper is Chairman of the Regatta Committee, the report has to be rewritten. A First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for reports which shall have exactly the same meaning but be superficially enthusiastic.

B. At Kolbigh the young folk were dancing in the churchyard on Christmas night and a judgment fell on them so that they could not stop for a twelvemonth. One stanza of the song they were singing is preserved:

Equitabat Bovo per silvam frondosam,  
Ducebat sibi Mersuindem formosam;  
Quid stamus? cur non imus?

Prizes of One Guinea and Half a Guinea are offered for six more couplets to complete the ballad, preserving its character as a dancing song.

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 234A or LITERARY 234B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, September 1. The results will be announced in the issue of September 6.

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 232

SET BY PETER TRAILL

A. The following appeared in the agony column of a leading newspaper a short while ago: "How did you know I'd loved to offer you my hand and say 'My people etc.'? All I can do, Dear Heart, is my very best." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea for the explanation, in not more than 200 words and in the manner of Miss Ethel Dell, of how the lady did know.

B. It being impossible to escape catching "Test Match Fever," we offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a triolet, the first line of which must be, "I went to the Test."

### REPORT FROM MR. TRAILL

232A. Miss Dell has thousands of readers, but they evidently do not include many of those of the SATURDAY REVIEW. There were a good many entries for this competition, and some of the competitors made the mistake of supposing that Miss Dell writes in the same style as other writers who make use of similar plots and situations—this is not so; Miss Dell's heroes

\* With apologies to the World's Press News.



can be recognized several miles away. Others exaggerated Miss Dell's accomplishments beyond all bounds—this is piling Bradman upon Sutcliffe, to borrow a metaphor from the next competition. Among the latter were James Hall, Athos and N. B. Among the former were Suffolk and S. B. McClean. Adite, W. G., Charles G. Box, Bébé and M. L. all made good attempts, but I preferred the entries of Doris Elles and Walter Harrison, though neither of them is really good Dell, and recommend them in that order for the first and second prizes.

#### FIRST PRIZE

The game went on, endlessly, interminably, and Meriel, longing yet dreading to hear his voice, glimpsed suddenly the utter anguish of his lifted face.

"One heart," he said slowly, and his face had the spent look of one that can go no further.

One heart! How calmly the words dropped into the smouldering heat of the night. Meriel, filled with the mad tumult of enlightenment, had an insane desire to meet those odd, questioning eyes, to spring up and flee, to burst into wild childish tears.

What need to ask whose heart? Beating thus in such low, fierce, triumphant throbs. It was his! All his! To take and tear at his pleasure.

And he? Mat Linthorpe. The biggest daredevil in Ghawbhlumi. Clenching his hands on the table until the knuckles showed, he gave one strangled sob and turned his face to the night.

He had lost.

Alone in her room facing the supreme crisis of her life, Meriel heard his footsteps below. With headlong velocity she reached the window. Gasping for breath, yet with a nameless exultation, she seized a handful of tamarisk plants and flung them with a convulsive gesture, then sank slowly to the floor.

She had chosen.

DORIS ELLES

#### SECOND PRIZE

His manner on leaving her that evening had been brusque, if not actually brutal. His words, "Oh, to Hell with that!" combined with his characteristic slap on the back while offering her the return half of his railway ticket, might have seemed to indicate a certain callousness, a lack of that refinement to which previous surroundings had accustomed her. But there had been at times a gleam, hastily quenched, of tenderness in those steel-blue eyes. The grim lips, relaxed only, as she had seen them, at moments of deadly peril, had quivered ever so slightly when their eyes met for that one fleeting glance during the crash.

He was a man among men; and instinct, who knows from what atavistic depths, revealed him to her as one who, at long last, had met his mate; a soul that, for all its apparent indifference, pierced beneath the veneer of modern culture to recognize in hers a spirit akin to his own. She felt that she lay bare to the gaze of those fierce eyes, and she quivered deliciously with the knowledge. Not a fibre of her being but responded aching to the lightest touch of his roughened hands. Oh, she knew!

WALTER HARRISON

232B. Competitors evidently found it easy enough to make up a triolet with the obligatory first line, because the entry for this competition was a very large one. Few, however, of the attempts showed that touch of originality which should be present to make the effort praiseworthy. John A. Belchambers, H. R. Smith, D. N. Daglish, E. S. Goodwill (first attempt), J. G. Brown, Athos (third attempt) and H. W. Barnsdale all sent in promising entries, but the triolets of James Hall (second attempt) and Walter Harrison appeared to me to express the salient features of the matches most neatly. I recommend them for the first and second prizes respectively.

#### FIRST PRIZE

I went to the Test  
On the day we had thunder;  
And to-day, up and dressed,  
I went to the Test—  
Swithin's team was still best  
With the others down under:  
I went to the Test  
On the day we had thunder.

JAMES HALL

#### SECOND PRIZE

I went to the Test.  
Tho' I'd not staked a shilling,  
I hoped for the best.  
I went to the Test;  
It was just like the rest,  
All three bowlers were willing.  
I went to the Test,  
Tho' I'd not staked a shilling.

WALTER HARRISON

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

#### WHAT'S RIGHT WITH MR. BURDETT

SIR,—The vanity of seasoned authors is proof against criticism, but it is not proof against misunderstanding. It is flattered not by praise but by comprehension. For my part I confess that denigration leaves me cold, but misrepresentation of my theme and purpose (which it is easy for reviewers to discover) drives me distracted. When my theme and purpose are so admirably seized as they are by Mr. Osbert Burdett in the SATURDAY REVIEW, I can only express my delight through the preposterous medium of a letter to the Editor. It has lately become the fashion for disgruntled authors to defend themselves against adverse reviews; will you permit me to risk setting a new and foolish fashion by publicly thanking Mr. Burdett, who has astonishingly refrained from remarking that 'What's Right with America' is not a book about what's wrong with America, and that its writer must, therefore, be blind to American defects?

Mr. Burdett sees that my object is to expound some of the principles of American prosperity, to ascertain the special contribution of the United States to human thought and practice, and to show how we may, in the twentieth century, learn from others without shame, as others learned from us in the nineteenth century. God knows we cannot afford to miss any lessons! I am grateful to Mr. Burdett for helping me to convey to English readers what I may without presumption, despite a "certain liveliness" of style, dignify by the designation of a message.

I am, etc.,

SISLEY HUDDLESTON

St.-Pierre-D'Autils

#### THE KING'S PRIZE

SIR,—If any woman ever deserved the honour of Dame of the British Empire, she is Miss Marjorie Elaine Foster, who won the King's Prize at Bisley. It was a splendid performance against men on level

terms, and will stand as the greatest feat ever attained by the fair sex in the great world of sport. There is nothing that comes within measurable distance of this splendid woman's achievement, as she was unaided by the luck of machinery, as is the case with flying, motor-racing, motor-cycling, and motor-boat racing. The British Empire is proud of her.

I am, etc.,

JAMES MONEY KYRLE LUPTON  
London Athletic Club

#### THE PEDESTRIAN'S RIGHTS

SIR,—Scenting from afar a renewal of the battle between those who walk and those who motor, the secretary of the Pedestrians' Association asks the motorist to fit his car with a bulb horn because of its absolute trustworthiness.

Now it is true that the electric "hooter" periodically breaks down, yet there seems to be a stronger objection to it than that. It is the outward signal not only of bad manners but of bad driving. The hooting motorist is a reckless motorist, whereas the softer note of the horn bulb fails to exasperate any save the most choleric pedestrian. I would suggest that this device is a good compromise between the screeching of to-day and that perfect state of quite silent driving which we are told has been attained in the United States.

I am, etc.,

PHYLLIS KONSTAM  
Hampstead, N.W.3

SIR,—The new Road Traffic Bill has become the law of the land, although actually it only comes into operation later on. The motor speed limit being now in course of abolition, the roads will, officially, therefore no longer be any safer for other users than are the railway tracks—for the average speeding motorist will travel faster than the average speeding railway train.

May I suggest, therefore, that the Ministry of Transport and the Railway Companies get together soon in order to draw up a scheme whereby the fencing of our railways shall, wherever possible, be gradually removed, so that the general public may be able to cross the railway lines at will. Surely this is only logical?

Meanwhile, easily opened wicket-gates might be installed near the more distant railway signals. Further, the scheme might include the laying-down of footpaths alongside these railway tracks.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

#### THE DECAY OF LITERATURE

SIR,—I read with mixed feeling the letters from Messrs. Willis, Lindsey and Fisher in the SATURDAY REVIEW, on the subject of Modern Literature. I am rather inclined to agree with Mr. Willis, who is certainly very definite in what he says, and expresses his opinion backed up by extracts, which go to prove his contention as regards one class of literature.

Mr. Lindsey justly says that the subject is one of great importance, and that a large amount of trash is being published. He then suggests that Mr. Willis should read some good modern literature, but fails to point out where he should procure it, or to give any helpful advice.

Mr. Fisher's long but well thought out diatribe is excellently written. His contentions are, however, not convincing. I fail to learn anything tangible from his comparisons. He argues that modern literature is decadent in one sense but not in another, inferring that modern literature is written to satisfy the organic form of the people, and in a style which places it among the

"not decadent." It is certainly a style, but assuredly one which does not appeal.

I am, etc.,

M. JORDAN

Anerley, S.E.

#### THE TEST MATCH

SIR,—“The Farce of the Most Amazing Test Match, Play Resumed with Five Minutes to go.” Such was the amazing headline on a recent issue of a daily paper.

It seems obvious that Mr. Trevor Wignall, the inventor of this heading, has lost sight of the fact that games, especially those where payment is made for admission to view them, must have a time schedule. If, for example, a large undertaking like the paper referred to was at all elastic as regards time, their readers would possibly receive their paper at an unexpected time.

The same rule applies to cricket Tests where it is laid down that the game must start and finish at a fixed time, subject of course to weather conditions. To make things as far as possible equal for both sides, these arrangements, in my opinion, must be adhered to.

The farce therefore appears to me to be not in the Test Match but in the headline.

I am, etc.,

R. BOND

Worthing

#### 'IS ART DYING?'

SIR,—The differences between Mr. Geoffrey Rossetti and the critics who adhere to the traditions of art are so wide and fundamental that this discussion might be continued indefinitely. Appreciating this I had felt disposed to let the matter rest. But on mature consideration I feel that there is at least one point it behoves me to deal with. Mr. Rossetti cites the unbalanced and prejudiced attitude of the critics who attacked the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as being analogous to the objections urged to-day against the neo-impressionists, cubists and their like. I submit that no such analogy exists. Viewing modern European art of the last two centuries as a whole, the pre-Raphaelites—their works, that is to say—come quite naturally and unobtrusively into the picture. The Brotherhood simply stood for a greater measure of the decorative and imaginative elements in art as against the rigid conventionalism of the 'fifties. That, so far as essentials are concerned, was its attitude.

I must add, in direct retort to Mr. Rossetti's courteous re-arrangement of his line of attack, that it does not advance matters. The pre-Raphaelites' aim was "to return to nature"; this new school flatly ignores nature. What, as I take it, Mr. Adrian Bury desires is that we art critics should endeavour to keep before the public a sane and wholesome view of the standards which should be applied to the consideration and judgment of certain developments of—excrescences, or rather—art posturing, not as the outgrowth of ancient art, but as supplanters thereof. Everyone would be tolerant of this brand of modern artist if the right was simply demanded to indulge his little joke, "screaming incoherencies" and all. But this is far from being the attitude. It is claimed that these eccentricities are of such inherent virtue as completely to wipe the slate of the art of the past, which henceforth is to be considered as of no account. I submit, Sir, that in the art world the doctrine, propaganda and output of these self-styled exponents of modern art are on exactly parallel lines to the doctrine, propaganda and practice of the Bolsheviks and Communists in the world of politics. They are frankly revolutionary and anarchic, and they depart from the canons of Beauty and Order.

I am, etc.,

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE

Parkstone



## IN GENERAL

IT is just fifty years since the death of Gustave Flaubert. And in France, where literary piety is not satisfied with full centenaries but will jump at half- and quarter-centenaries no less willingly, the anniversary has lately been duly observed. A good crop of critical writing round and about the great novelist sprang from the birth-centenary celebrations nine years ago, and it is too soon after that harvest to expect to find much noteworthy fresh commentary. But I was looking the other day at some photographs in the weekly *L'Illustration* which I found not only very interesting, but even, in a curious way, affecting. In some ways they were worth many scores of critical pages; and as I had lately been re-reading 'Madame Bovary,' Flaubert's unquestionable masterpiece, finding after the lapse of ten years or so an almost startling reality in every carefully constructed angle of that great tragic novel, I kept wishing that they could be seen by the many English readers who recognize in it one of the supreme imaginative works of the nineteenth century—probably, indeed, of modern times.

These photographs showed the scenes where Flaubert laid his story. They were taken recently, but most of the places show little change during the eighty years that have passed since the events of the story; and there can be few appreciative readers of Flaubert who would not find themselves looking closely into their intimate detail, as into the pictures of places where they themselves had once stood, and watched, and listened, in the flesh. These photographs, too, are a reminder of an important aspect of 'Madame Bovary' which is not so widely known as it might be—that the novel was drawn from the life. The strange reality of the book can always be attributed in the main to the painful and industrious, though never laboured, artistry of Flaubert's six years of composition; but we should not overlook the fact that a flesh-and-blood reality was present in the novelist's mind before ever he set pen to paper in 1851. It is curious, for instance, that Mr. Percy Lubbock, who wrote in his 'Craft of Fiction' one of the best English analyses of the Flaubertian technique, does not apparently make allowance for this.

The photographs were taken in and around the village of Ry, which lies some twelve miles northward of Rouen. In Ry lived the doctor and his wife who served as the originals for Charles and Emma Bovary; and I have heard it said (but on what authority I cannot be sure) that the name of the village is half-concealed in the fictitious name that Flaubert chose for the central figures of his novel. Charles was in real life a certain Eugène Delamare, the son of a family on friendly relations with Flaubert's father, who did, in fact, help Eugène to pass his medical examinations at Rouen. Eugène set up in practice at Ry, and like "Charles" in the book, made an early marriage with a lady who died in 1837, as Mme. Dubuc-Bovary died. Dr. Delamare then made his second marriage with "Emma," who was, in reality, Mlle. Delphine Couturier, the daughter of a substantial farmer at Blainville (the "Ferme des Bertaux"). This was in 1843, and between then and March 6, 1848, when she died from self-poisoning, the second Madame Delamare was playing out that drama of romantic craving and tragic passion which within a few years more was to become a central point in the imaginative literature of the age. Whether she had in real life her first lover, "Léon," is doubtful; but the second, the "Rodolphe" of the book, is identifiable as one Campion, a small landowner living at the château of Gratienville ("La Huchette"); he also found death by his own hand, for he shot himself in a Paris street in 1852. There died at Beauvais in 1911 a notary named Léon Bottet, who enjoyed some fame

through his claim to be the "Léon" whom Emma Bovary loved in Rouen; but he has since been shown to be an impostor. An authentic link with the true story, however, survived so late as 1913 in Mme. Augustine Ménage, who, as a girl, had been a servant of Delphine Delamare; and this nonagenarian had not forgotten the tragedy of her early mistress—"une jolie brune," she said, "*qui aimait les danses, les assemblées normandes,*" and whose voice "*était si douce qu'on aurait voulu ramasser tous les mots qu'elle disait.*" It is strange to think of the far echoes of Emma Bovary's voice lingering in ears that listened, almost, to the first guns of 1914!

Despite these facts, however, it would be deceptive to take 'Madame Bovary' as either an exact transcript of life, or a story of real people. Flaubert chose the outline of his theme, and the topographical background, from Eugène and Delphine Delamare and from Ry and its neighbourhood. But a great deal was added, or interpolated, and subtracted. In what proportions we shall probably never now know; but it stimulates one's curiosity to note a parenthesis in a letter of Flaubert's to his friend Louis Bouilhet (May 10, 1855), when, referring to his progress with the long travail of his novel, he writes: "Isn't it just possible that my young man won't be long in becoming odious to the reader by his sheer cowardice? I assure you, it is not easy to know just what limit to observe in this milksop character. . . . I still have to write perhaps a hundred and twenty or a hundred and forty pages. Might it not have been better for that to be four hundred, and for everything that went before to have been shorter? I am afraid lest the end (which in reality was the most crowded) may be cut down too fine in my book. . . ." "Which in reality was the most crowded" suggests that the story of Madame Delamare was stormier even than poor Emma Bovary's; and a recorded phrase of old Augustine's hints in the same direction: "Ah!" she sighed, "*c'était bien plus malheureux que dans l'histoire!*"

If I were not a little afraid, even in spite of the convincing quality of these photographs in *L'Illustration*, of shattering a cherished inner reality, I would gladly visit Ry. It would give me particular and peculiar delight to see the curving shop-counter of Homais the pharmacist, which still survives in the village pharmacy, together with his jars with their Latin inscriptions, although by strange irony the present-day chemist keeps his shop on the ground floor of the actual house where Madame Delamare lived and died. And her grave can be located beside the wooden porch of the village church, although the inscribed stone was mysteriously removed about thirty years ago. But luckily a photograph of "Emma's" gravestone has been preserved—a tapering, upright stone, damaged at the apex, its inscription ending with the customary request: "*Priez Dieu pour le repos de son âme.*" Will it some day be found again?

QUINCUNX

## NEW NOVELS

*Angel Pavement.* By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

'ANGEL PAVEMENT,' the title of Mr. Priestley's new novel, suggests whimsical phantasy of the baser sort, but fortunately, it is quite misleading. The book is, in actual fact, a substantial and highly satisfying piece of realism. *Angel Pavement* is merely the name of a City side-street in which the offices of Messrs. Twigg and Dersingham (together with The Pavement Dining Rooms, Chase and Cohen: Carnival Novelties, T. Benenden: Tobacconist, the Kwik-Work Razor Blade Co., Ltd., C. Warstein: Tailors' Trimmings, and other commercial enterprises) are located. What

Mr. Priestley has done is to display Messrs. Twigg and Dersingham with the lid off. It is a minor city firm, typical of thousands, and the people in it are typical of the anonymous tens of thousands who keep such concerns going. Mr. Dersingham himself (Twigg had become a sort of historical myth), Mr. Goath the traveller, Mr. Smeeth the cashier, Turgis the junior clerk, Stanley the office-boy, Miss Matfield the typist, Mrs. Cross the chairman, and so forth. Mr. Priestley presents, with an infectious relish, and in elaborate but delectable detail, not only these people, but their homes, their families, their associates, their amusements, their ideas, their language. This survey forms an ample cross-section through London middle-class life, but rather on the slant, so as to reach from dignified Kensington, where Mr. Dersingham resides, to shabby Kentish Town, where Turgis lodges. There is rich variety in all this, and Mr. Priestley knows every facet of it. But he also knows that normally there is little action in the humdrum existence of these people, whose common round proceeds on the same principle as the treadmill. Hence, the introduction of Mr. Golspie, the shady outsider, and his daughter, who, between them, bring disaster upon Angel Pavement. Mr. Golspie, by a series of transactions which we do not profess altogether to understand, enriches himself and brings Mr. Dersingham to bankruptcy. Also, by less occult methods, he upsets the emotional balance of the staid Miss Matfield, while his daughter by similar methods entangles the amorous Turgis in an infatuation which leads to the verge of tragedy. And the upshot of it all is reduced to its lowest terms in the concluding meditations of Mr. Smeeth:

You go on for years and years building up a position for yourself until at last you have a place of our own . . . and everything is snug and comfortable. Then a chap turns up from nowhere, looks at a trade directory and happens to choose your firm, wanders into Angel Pavement, and then, in less than six months' time, without your having any hand or say in it, he blows you clean out of it all. . . .

The consequence being that:

this blanched, middle-aged man, sitting in a corner of the moving tram, an unlighted pipe trembling beneath his grey moustache . . . was shaking a little, not with fear, but with indignation. . . . In a week or two, he would have to start again, and at a time when even the boys were lining up in their hundreds for a chance of a mere beginning at ten shillings a week.

It will be seen that Mr. Priestley has spared us the horrors of a happy ending. And here we have what is perhaps the most significant feature of 'Angel Pavement.' In spite of the exuberant humour with which Mr. Priestley has enlivened his impressions of metropolitan scenes and people, the book contains more of the spirit of Gissing than of Dickens. Its satirical descriptions may be humorous, but its satirical implications are serious. There are sufficient indications that Mr. Priestley is animated by contempt, if not hatred, for the prevailing shoddiness of modern urban civilization, and by a corresponding pity for its victims, one of whom he describes as follows:

Something about his appearance . . . suggested that all the food he ate was wrong, all the rooms he sat in, beds he slept in, and clothes he wore, were wrong, and that he lived in a world without sun and clean rain and wandering sweet air.

We emphasize this point because Mr. Priestley is sometimes regarded as a hearty jester, delighting in fun for its own sake. Those who hold this opinion of him are recommended to read the third chapter of 'Angel Pavement.' Middle-class snobbery has been ridiculed often enough, goodness knows. It is fair game and easy game. But what is not easy is to treat a hackneyed subject so as to make it seem entirely new, and this is what Mr. Priestley has done, with deadly effect, in his account of the

Dersinghams at home. It would be difficult to find, in modern English literature, a more scathing and, at the same time, a more authentic portrayal of this particular aspect of English life.

'Angel Pavement' is a big novel in both senses of the epithet. The writing, almost throughout, reveals an effortless quality which is a relief from the hectographic methods of much modern fiction. A few of the set descriptive passages which have been worked in, tend to bulk disproportionately to their bearing upon the story, and this makes them seem somewhat laboured. And then, too, although Mr. Priestley has a remarkable command of Cockney idiom, he occasionally reveals that he is not a native. For example, the phrase "I'll watch it" should have a negative, and not a positive implication as used by Mrs. Perlumpton on p. 162. We doubt also whether Londoners ever say "My words," as several of Mr. Priestley's characters do. But, in general, the language of the people in 'Angel Pavement' has been reproduced with the same felicity which marks the descriptions of their surroundings, and the analysis of their characters. Mr. Priestley has designed a unique panorama of contemporary London life.

## REVIEWS

### A GREAT CHARACTER

*Edward Martyn (1859-1924) and the Irish Revival.*  
By Denis Gwynn. Cape. 12s. 6d.

A DELIGHTFUL book could be written on the history of Private Patronage, that chequered, curious chapter in the story of the arts, for though we only hear much of the private patron in aristocratic societies, and then usually from the quarrels of artists who have real or fancied grievances to air, the private patron is as necessary to the healthy activity of the arts as the bee is to fertilize the flowers by carrying the golden pollen from one blossom to another. Even in an industrial plutocracy the patron still exists, but during his life he is apt to be unobtrusive, for, once his public-spirited function is known, he becomes the prey of every kind of person. Through the literary portrait of a friend, Edward Martyn's figure and personal ways have become familiar to many, but it was impossible from that character-sketch of "dear Edward" to guess the power of his personality, the structure of his character, to say nothing of the different and original parts he played in the Irish Revival, of which his dramas and his work as a founder of the Abbey Theatre were only incidents.

Though patrons of the arts differ as much in character as artists themselves, the type can be studied to perfection in Edward Martyn; a great character, and, as time will show, I fancy, a great man. Now that he is dead, his quality begins to be recognizable, for, among the living, men measure one another by success which, like most shadows, is a passing and deceitful exaggeration. The life of Edward Martyn was curious and compelling. The last of an old family which inhabited the castle of Tulira in the west of Ireland, his mother was the dominating influence of his youth. She sent him, a devout Catholic, from Beaumont to Oxford, when he proposed to devote his life to poetry. He showed early a passion for music, and being a man of property he was able to indulge his taste for travel, to hear plainsong in the best cathedrals abroad and to attend the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth. His mother's aim was to find a suitable wife for him, and to this end the capital which had accumulated during



his minority was spent on the enlargement and restoration of his ancestral home. Edward, however, was entirely indifferent to women, and shut himself in a bare room in his tower among his books and his music, so that the young girls were invited in vain, and he saw little society outside the hunting field. Except in food and wines, his tastes were those of a hermit, an ascetic and a student. He was, and will always be, a fountain of suggestion to connoisseurs of life and character, and Mr. Gwynn, already the third, will not be the last writer to be stirred by him.

The leisure that Martyn had devoted to the composition of poetry was terminated by a decision to burn his epic poem. He had come to think that pagan themes were unworthy of a Catholic's muse, that prose and not poetry was his proper form of composition. Thereupon he sat down and published anonymously a Rabelaisian satire on modern life which, under the title of 'Morgante the Lesser,' had a certain success in 1890. The pages that Mr. Gwynn detaches from it show great originality and exuberance. I hope that it will be reprinted, though it will only be appreciated by few. The patron, you see, exists to cultivate his taste and to create in others his own appreciation, rather than to make beautiful creations of his own. Thus, the best writings of Edward Martyn were those in which he criticized the philistinism of Irishmen—in the bad music of their churches, the vile ornament and vulgar statues and buildings that they commissioned—and taught them to understand the beauty of plainsong, the gross unfitness of women's voices for liturgical singing, and where to find, in their own country, the sculptors, the architects, the designers of stained glass, who were artists worthy of their support. His purse and his advocacy were freely drawn upon, and his crowning achievement was the foundation and endowment of a Palestrina choir.

One of the founders of the Abbey Theatre, he lost interest in this when it began to confine itself to peasant plays. His education in the little cosmopolis of Beaumont, his religion and his travels made him one of the few Irishmen who were conscious of Europe and the European tradition, so that he stands out among the rather parochial Irish revivalists, by having the feeling of Europe in his very marrow. Music was his deepest love, and it is most interesting to read his criticism of Ibsen. To Martyn the "intellectual drama" was utterly distinct from the vulgar conception of a "problem play." He admired Ibsen as he admired a Bach fugue, for the beautiful interweaving of psychological ideas into a drama the climax of which was the inevitable "resolution" of the ideas composing it. He became president of Sinn Féin, and on political as on artistic questions was perfectly courageous, however much he might scandalize his fellow landlords, women idolaters, his own club, or philistines generally. In later life he became lonely and exchanged the garret in his tower for a couple of wretched rooms in Dublin, though he always dined at the Kildare Street Club for the sake of the caviare. When he died he took endless pains to ensure that his body should be publicly dissected and then buried, like other dissected bodies, in a pauper's grave; and this was no fantastic whim, but the minor evidence of his contempt for the world and the integrity of his own convictions.

He was, in truth, a rare man, a man akin to the saints whose whimsies he echoed. As a character, a patron, a writer, he was a man in a thousand, and Mr. Gwynn's record, excellently written and full of quotations, is a precious possession; a relic of a book. Time only is needed to do justice to Edward Martyn. It is possible that Mr. Gwynn, too, will have to wait before his record is fully appreciated. Both belong to the future, more than to the present or the past.

OSBERT BURDETT

## A GREAT CRICKETER

*My Cricketing Days.* By C. G. Macartney. Heinemann. 6s.

"NO matter what the stage of the game, if the ball I wanted came along, I always tried to score from it . . . a Test Match or a country game, it was all sport to me." I should like to see these words, written by a very great cricketer, emblazoned in the portals of every pavilion of every ground in every country in the world; they breathe the spirit of the game as it should be played and as it was played invariably by the man who wrote them—Charles G. Macartney.

I rate Charles Macartney as one of Australia's three greatest batsmen, and, at his best, the finest all-rounder we have ever seen. Reading his book you would find it hard to credit the statement. Of his historic effort in the Leeds Test in 1926, when he scored a century before lunch, he writes: "I have to thank Woodfull very largely for that innings." Thus it is throughout the book; each notable performance with bat or ball is casually mentioned; almost he seems to apologize for giving these details of his prowess. On the field Macartney believed in quick results and no "trimmings"; in this vein he writes. In the early chapters we are initiated into the mysteries of "grade" cricket and the stages by which an Australian graduates to Test Match standard—a hard school in which our author gained valuable experience and many friends. He pays tribute to Victor Trumper as the finest batsman he ever saw: "He excelled on any wicket and against any bowling. . . His defence was attack."

On bowlers and bowling he is more than interesting. George Hirst created the swinger and added a chapter to the history of cricket; but the adding of it has been responsible for the weakness of modern trundlers, who have sacrificed natural spin for swerve. To Sidney Barnes he awards the palm: "The best bowler I have met on all wickets, at home or abroad." As captains, Noble and Maclaren have pride of place. Honoured household names run through the book—Clem Hill, Bardsley, Warwick Armstrong, G. L. Jessop, C. B. Fry, Ranjitsinhji, Colin Blythe; of each Macartney speaks with the experience of twenty-three years of cricket. One regret he expresses—that he visited England a year too late to play against "W. G."

If the Governor-General puzzled us on the cricket field, he puzzled us no less when he left it at the height of his powers. "Many people," he writes, "have been kind enough to suggest that I was too young to retire . . . but there is such a thing as playing too long and undoing in a little while all that has taken so long to achieve. The time comes when a man must retire and make way for younger men, and it has always seemed to me better to do so too early than too late." Of a certainty Charles Macartney did not lag superfluous in the stage of his choice. There were left to him many years of big performance; eye, wrists and feet had not lost their cunning; the irrepressible and inimitable personality showed as strongly as ever. He chose, wisely, to go out at his zenith, bequeathing to us who had watched him a memory of cricket at its best and brightest.

LEIGH D. BROWNLEE

## CURRENT AMERICAN THOUGHT

*Contemporary American Philosophy.* Edited by G. P. Adams and W. P. Montague. Vol. I. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

A FEW years ago two volumes of personal statements of their positions by British philosophers were edited by Professor J. H. Muirhead, and attracted considerable attention. It is now the

turn of American philosophers, and the volume before us is the first of a pair which we are promised.

The appearance of such symposia would seem to indicate not only that the philosophers are ready to talk, but that the public is willing to listen. And it suggests also that as unanimity is no longer to be hoped for, people are glad enough to hear any man's point of view, and to make what they can of it. In philosophy, as in religion, politics, and science, dogmatism has gone out of fashion, and we prefer to listen to personal views which we can take or leave as we choose. In philosophy to-day the menu provides plenty of choice, and they must be difficult to please who can find nothing in it to suit them.

In Britain the tradition has always been that philosophy must be both austere and abstruse. As the late Mr. F. H. Bradley, the typical English academic philosopher, observed, "Philosophy will always be hard, and what it promises even in the end is no clear theory nor any complete understanding of vision." That is to say, neither the indolent nor the dogmatic person will ever make a philosopher. Here, as in other spheres, many are called but few chosen.

In America, one imagines, things are somewhat different. Over there philosophy, if it is to make any headway at all, is bound to be popular. The late Mr. William James, and not Mr. F. H. Bradley, is the typical philosopher—a man who could discourse to school-teachers, or deliver something in the nature of a sermon, and impart both learning and uplift at the same time. America, we must remind ourselves, is a democratic country, and philosophy, if it is to cut any ice, must somehow "get across" to the mentality of Zenith. Hence the characteristically American doctrine of Pragmatism, about which the views of F. H. Bradley would have been worth hearing, had he thought it worth while to have an opinion upon that subject.

There is, however, not much about Pragmatism in the volume before us; it would seem to have died a natural death. Probably it was a fashion; for we have vogues in philosophy as in art, and even in theology. James is, indeed, mentioned by pretty nearly every contributor to the book, but it is chiefly as a psychologist, and especially as a psychologist of religion that he is remembered. James directed scientific interest into an area hitherto largely uncharted—the sphere of religious experience. At first this was thought to provide material for a new religious apologetic, but it soon became evident that psychology was a two-edged weapon, and Professor Durant Drake expresses a now commonly-held view when he says (p. 295), "I can see no reason for supposing that mystical experiences, or conversions, of faith, have any noetic value. There are no discoverable organs by means of which we can get, through these experiences, into contact with a trans-subjective reality." Of course, the same remark might be made of all our experience, both sensory and other. Probably the best philosophic opinion would favour the view that mystical experience must be taken into account when we are forming an estimate of reality. As another contributor, Professor J. Alexander Leighton, puts it, such experiences "cannot be sheer illusions."

Not all the writers in this volume are satisfied with the present condition of philosophy. Professor J. E. Boodin picturesquely says, "Present philosophy is a whited sepulchre, calcimined with a coating of science and mathematics, but within are the dead bones of the past, and the ghosts walk abroad." He holds, perhaps, with truth, that "none of the current philosophies have really connected with the energistic thought of the science of to-day" (though we should have thought that this was what Professor Whitehead, now at Harvard, was trying

to do). And meanwhile, as he says, "a crude behaviouristic psychology is inoculating the popular mind with crass nineteenth-century materialism." For ourselves we should say that so long as Americans are satisfied with third-rate ideals, they cannot hope to produce much that is first-rate in philosophy any more than in art or religion. Listen to the following scrap of rotarian eloquence which we cull from one of these essays:

Certainly youth, and older folk, too, should be flaming and adventurous and gay, when the hard conditions of human life permit. Most people only half live. We should work to secure for men and women rich, varied, interesting experiences, so far as they can have them without hurting themselves or others. We should get out of our stupid individualism, cultivate *Mitfreude*, and count the joys of our fellows as our own. Our religion should concern itself with the technique of happiness. . . .

Nevertheless, we should not like to convey the impression that the essays before us are devoid of serious ideas. This is far from being the case; though we could sometimes wish that the need for being popular had not involved an occasional looseness of statement. Take for an example the following:

"My circle of prejudices," writes Professor Warner Fite, of Princetown, "may be roughly summarized by saying that for me only persons are real and only persons are significant. All impersonal things, including the objects presented by science, are abstractions, constructions, fancies. These abstractions I take to be ways of talking about the world and of dealing with it which serve as highly useful and even indispensable instruments of communication; but they are never quite adequate; and they never stand for more than 'so to speak,' 'as it were,' or 'as if.'"

The doctrine here expressed is not only essentially sound, but cannot be too often emphasized in a world oppressed by scientific, or pseudo-scientific, dogmatism, and in a country infested with behaviourist cranks for whom personality is the last of the superstitions. But it does not help the cause of sanity (which in America needs all the aid it can get) to say that only persons are real. It would be better to say, as Bradley does, that they are more real than other things known to us. Nor does it help matters to call the data of science "fancies"; they are certainly something more than that. After all, the results of scientific research seem to indicate that the subject-matter has some sort of objectivity about it. Philosophers will make a mistake if they let the reaction against the occasional cocksureness of science carry them too far. There is certainly such a thing as scientific truth, even though it may be only a partial truth.

These essays make very interesting reading, not so much, perhaps, to those who are interested in philosophy, as for those who are interested in America.

J. C. HARDWICK

## THE CRIMINAL'S WHO'S WHO?

*Law Breakers.* By Charles Kingston. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THE lives and misdeeds of the more notorious murderers and minor law breakers have been so often thumbed over by bookmakers that Mr. Kingston would seem to have been rather hard put to it to find unfamiliar subjects. One or two of his subjects, indeed, are familiar enough, such as Palmer and Wainwright the poisoners (the latter was, he tells us, "a pretty child") and the barrister forger who earned for himself the sobriquet of Jim the Penman. But others have been forgotten long enough to be new again. Who now remembers the case of the West End clubman who stole the club spoons—and not only



those of his own clubs, the Reform and the Junior United Services, but even looted the tables of the Army and Navy Club when the members of the United Services, their own club being closed, received hospitality there. It was a long time before either of his own clubs dared suspect one of its own members; but the club servants noticed that it was always from the table where Mr. Joshua Jones Ashley had sat that the spoons and forks disappeared. And when the stewards of the Reform and the Junior United Services happened to compare notes, the club secretaries had to admit that the incredible was perhaps just possible. Mr. Joshua Jones Ashley never knew that he was being watched until a detective appeared at his elbow just as he was handing over some of the Junior United Services spoons to a silversmith in Holborn. It all happened a long time ago; but one imagines that both clubs will hate Mr. Kingston for reminding them of a member who in 1843 was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

Another crook out of the common run was Charles King, the Scotland Yard detective who, tempted by the booty he found, while on his lawful occasions, on a young pickpocket, set up as a sort of Fagin, and ran a school of pickpockets—while continuing his official duties at the Yard. And he did very well out of it, until one of the most promising members of his squad managed to get arrested, and out of sheer boastfulness, gave away the name of his patron, protector and employer, who went to prison for fourteen years. That, too, happened a long time ago. Perhaps the present-day Scotland Yard has forgotten its Fagin.

But perhaps the most ingenious of all this collection of law breakers was the German comedian and female impersonator, Herr Kumpf, who, impersonating a non-existent wife, insured his own life, "died" in a realistic fashion that deceived both doctor and insurance company, and then, in the character of the inconsolable Frau Kumpf, drew the insurance money. Such ingenuity really deserved to "get away with it"; but the callous and scandalous behaviour of the bereaved widow caused remark, inquiry—and arrest. Few criminals, fortunately, can stand success.

### A BLACK MAN TALKS

*An African Savage's Own Story.* By Lobogola. Knopf. 10s. 6d.

IT is a fashion among certain of our Intellectuals to invoke the day of civilization's downfall, when kings and priests and bank managers will be buried under the appropriate ruins. (Is one to take the view that the race is near the peak of its evolution and is making a child's bed-time clamour to have its game all over again?) Anyhow, after having dipped into Lobogola's extraordinary pages, we can think of nothing better calculated to check the extension of this disposition than a course of bushmen's autobiographies.

Here is none of that striking-off of spiritual and mental fetters which is the fond fancy of those who are bored and restive in the artificial state. With the exception of "sun-bathing," in which, though the Fatherland is coming along nicely, it must be admitted that Dahomey can still give points to most of Europe; it is difficult to see any particular in which we have not got the advantage over the savage. His existence bristles with obligations and prohibitions. Torture is employed on the mere suspicion of misconduct. We read that "among native people kindness is weakness"; and the rigid taboos which surround occasions of accident or ailment are backed up by ferocious penalties. A pregnant woman is "completely tabooed"; she may not even be handed a cup of water. In sex matters, indeed, superstition is at its darkest and cruellest. "We insist on purity," says Lobogola; and his description of the fetish methods of insistence is worthy of

attention in view of the connexion which it is sometimes attempted to establish between our own shifting social taboo and the artificiality of life which is supposed to have ruled out the spontaneity and freedom of primitive passions.

Elephant, leopard, boa-constrictor, hook-lizard, giant ape—the volume has much to say about the jungle creatures. But these, we feel, are but its background horrors. We pass over the marvels by which this "African savage" came to give us his life-story in fifty-thousand English words, and believe that the heart of the book's significance is in Lobogola's declaration that the power of the fetish-priests "knows no bounds."

EILEEN HEWITT

### A CRITIC OF THE NOVEL

*The English Novel.* By Ford Madox Ford. Constable. 5s.

HERE is a provocative book. Some of the clever young novelists of to-day will perhaps bite their thumbs at it: or else they will dismiss its author, with a pitying smile, as an old fogey too much concerned with those old authors whom he ranks as novelists because they were the first to perceive that the public wanted fiction—real story-telling instead of moralizing. Why, the man ends his survey of the novel with Conrad, who is dead! How can you talk about the English novel without considering the very latest of its manifestations—whether they are put forth in Bloomsbury or on the Left Bank, or in Greenwich Village?

Yet these bright young practitioners, who scorn story-telling as old fashioned, might learn some wholesome truths from this treatise—originally written for the use of students in the United States. One is that mere cleverness is not enough. It may make a



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sensation among the intelligentsia. It may put flattering—and rapidly fluctuating—prices against the novelist's work in catalogues of first editions. But alone it will not make a great book, or even a book convincing enough to ensure that "the carried-away and rapt reader shall really think himself to be in Brussels on the first of Waterloo days, or in Grand Central Station waiting for the Knickerbocker Express to come in from Boston, though actually he may be sitting in a cane lounge on a beach of Bermuda in December. This is not easy."

It is not enough, though some of the moderns think it so easy as to be contemptible. But anyway mere cleverness is nothing new. There was revolt, even in Elizabethan days, against the earlier forms of straightforward story-telling, which were to grow into the English novel. Mr. Ford, who goes a long way back in quest of the origins of the novel (or "nuvvle" as he sometimes calls it for some whim of his own), remarks that he cannot imagine anyone reading Lodge's 'Rosalynde' or Lyly's 'Euphues' for pleasure, while Malory is always readable:

The difference between Malory and the earlier romances or "Euphues" or "Menaphon" is simply the difference in the relative sincerities of their authors. Malory records what a simple mediæval knight liked and to some extent how he looked at the world; it is modest and, its author being wrapped up in his subject, the work has no eye to the modes of the time—or to displaying the cleverness of the writer. . . . With "Amadis de Gaul" or "Euphues," on the other hand, you are for ever thinking of the cleverness of the author. And you are meant to think of the cleverness of the author, and so you are in the case of "Rosalynde" and an enormous proportion of the Elizabethan drama.

But Mr. Ford, while he gives credit to Malory and others for their share in shaping the English "nuvvle," is not one of those who hold all the "classics" sacrosanct and beyond criticism, which is what makes his book so provocative—and refreshing. 'Tom Jones,' for instance, he dismisses as "a papier mâché figure," and declares that "fellows like Fielding, and to some extent Thackeray, who pretend that if you are a gay drunkard, lecher, squanderer of your goods and fumbler in placket holes, you will eventually find a benevolent uncle, concealed father or benefactor who will shower on you bags of tens of thousands of guineas, estates and the hands of adorable mistresses—these fellows are dangers to the body politic, and horribly bad constructors of plots."

Others of the great masters are equally candidly dealt with in the light of Mr. Ford's own literary beliefs—often unorthodox, but seldom uninteresting. His American readers, by the way, will be interested in one theory which Mr. Ford throws out in passing: that their and Mr. Sinclair Lewis's 'Babbitt' is a great grandchild—in a literary sense—of Richardson's 'Pamela'!

### THE AGE OF REASON

*Voltaire and the English Deists.* By Norman L. Torrey. Milford. 11s. 6d.

THIS scholarly piece of documentation has for its ultimate basis the remark of the Abbé Guénée, who observed in 1769 that M. de Voltaire only repeated the English Deists' words, going on to call him, in regard to Tindal, "a poor copier of a poor writer." It would have delighted Carlyle, for (be this Mr. Torrey's intention or no) the sage of Chelsea's dictum, that the sage of Ferney "never gave utterance to one great thought," can certainly now be extended to the inclusion of daring or original thoughts. The feat could not be performed by Leslie Stephen or Robertson, because they had not access to Voltaire's library, now in Leningrad. His marginalia, markers and tiny ends

of paper stuck on passages that caught his fancy, are here, like so many exhibits in a murder case, used against him with a deadly aim; and (e.g.) "Je n'ai point lu Tindal" is given the lie direct by his markers in chapters XII and XIII of 'Christianity as Old as Creation.' The "philosophe" is left with his wit, but England with the credit of having nourished it.

And with more than that. One is hardly surprised to learn that Voltaire's library contained no work of Spinoza. The dispassionate reflection that Christ revealed Himself to the disciples according to their capacity was not to the waspish taste of the writer of "Je ne suis né pour célébrer les saints"; but that the man who borrowed from Peter Annet should let alone such a sentence as this does surprise a little: "And yet the nature of the Jews remained the same; their hearts were not rent, tho' the rocks rent; nor quaked, tho' the earth quaked; and tho' the graves opened, their understandings appear not to be opened! What a strange thing is infidelity, that no miracle can work upon it." This is Voltaire on the Resurrection: "Et ses historiens ont le front de nous dire qu'à sa mort la terre a été couverte d'épaisses ténèbres en plein midi, et en plein lune: comme si tous les écrivains de ce temps-là n'auraient pas parlé d'un si étrange miracle." The one is the cry of a truth-seeker, the other the stylized explosion of a cold journalistic brain. Mr. Torrey has done scholarship a service in showing conclusively that Conyers Middleton, rather than Bolingbroke, must henceforth be regarded as the primal English source of Voltaire's attack on the historical argument for the truth of Christianity; and, indeed, the deliberate shifting of invidious burdens to the shoulders of innocent, or partially innocent, Deists, seems characteristic of Voltaire, an item in a fixed policy to set contemporaries, and perhaps posterity, too, by the ears, as much as the outcome of petty spite against an individual author.

By MAJOR A. J. DAWSON

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But the reader of this book who is no specialist comes away from it with one overwhelming impression, namely, that Woolston was Voltaire's real whipping-boy; that it is Woolston, more than any Deist, constructive or critical, who gives the hint, and even the rough-hewn phrase, for those stiletos in the "philosophical" armoury, which most of us are disposed to regard as peculiarly of Ferney; Woolston, also, who best explains to the modern mind Voltaire's apparently sincere admiration of eighteenth-century England, as a country where extreme liberty of thought could flourish.

Truly, Thomas Woolston was a far more daring and mischievous Puck than Voltaire. His *reductio ad absurdum* of the letter of Scripture narrative, under the guise of expounding the spirit, left the other no function but that of pithy abridgment. Nothing in 'Candide' or 'Zadig' is more comical than this exploding of Revealed Truth, in Discourse after Discourse (dedicated to pillars of the English Church), by the light of Origen's allegorizings. One who can deride the testimony of the four Evangelists, with "the Fathers, against whose Authority I dare not write," for his shield, is surely more Voltairean than Anatole France himself. The quintessence of Voltaire's and his epigoni's special brand of naughtiness is to be found in Woolston, while they have none of Anthony Collins's or Annet's graver irony.

The wicked work had already been done for the Frenchmen, and in Woolston's case, so thoroughly done, as hardly to need more emphasis. Mr. Torrey does not quote the following racy comment (so much healthier than many of Voltaire's obscenities) on the miracle of the barren fig-tree:

What if a yeoman of Kent should go to look for pippins in his orchard at Easter (the supposed time that Jesus sought for these figs) and, because of a disappointment, cut down all his trees? What then would his neighbours make of him? . . . How Jesus salv'd his credit upon this his wild prank, and prevented the laughter of the Scribes and Pharisees upon it, I know not.

This was written in 1728. Voltaire did not take such risks, wholly on his own responsibility, even a generation and a half later: "Ne choisissez jamais la superstition dominante" he wrote in 1767, with his tongue in his cheek, no doubt, wondering, it may be, at the "trop fameux" Woolston's death in his house, instead of on Tyburn tree.

This, as it occurs: Mr. Torrey's business, of course, is not to emphasize one section of the evidence at the expense of the rest; he holds the scales of justice. But more than one juror may opine that he takes Voltaire's philosophical Deism too seriously, and see no more in that eighteenth-century version of 'Delenda est Carthago,' "Ecrasez l'infâme," than merely the obverse of *deo erexit Voltaire*.

A tiny point: may we suggest that in a future edition Woolston's 'Dr. Moore' (p. 101) be interpreted in the index, or a footnote, as Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist?

### THE OLD PUNJAB

*Adventurers in Northern India, 1785-1849.* By H. L. O. Garrett and G. Grey. Punjab Government Press. 15s.

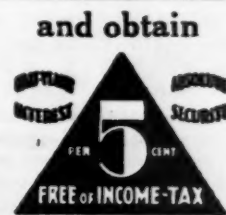
THE Punjab Government is to be congratulated on the issue of this volume, which represents years of careful labour in its archives. Bold spirits drifted out from Europe to serve the various princes up and down India from 1608 onwards, and the total number runs to a surprising figure. There were men of all sorts and conditions from generals to unspeakable blackguards, and their fates were as varied as the men. A few amassed vast wealth, others died in obscurity. The majority disappeared when the Mahratta armies were destroyed by Lords Lake and Wellesley about

1805. Only in Northern India was the field open till the end of the Sikh anarchy in 1849.

Mr. H. L. O. Garrett, Keeper of the Records of the Punjab, and his colleague have confined themselves to the adventurers that flitted about the Land of the Five Rivers. The bold Tipperary sailor, George Thomas, who carved out for himself a little kingdom of his own in Harriana, where he minted his own rupees and cast his own cannon, really belongs to the former period, for he came to destruction at the hands of Scindia's French General, Perron. The histories of the others are in the main connected with the great Maharajah, Ranjit Singh, or of his feudatories. As far back as 1814 one William O'Brien raised an independent army for a minor Rajah of Kangra, and died worth sixty thousand rupees, a substantial fortune for a private soldier who had drawn but eightpence a day.

Whereas in the Mahratta service General De Boinne acquired a vast independent position, as great as any modern Viceroy, with emoluments to match, the position of the European officers employed by Ranjit Singh was peculiar and precarious. They were bound by agreement to domesticate themselves in the country by marriage; not to eat beef nor smoke tobacco in public, to permit their beards to grow, and to take care not to offend against the Sikh religion. The men employed were of every type of character from the savage Neapolitan Avitabile to the refined Monsieur Court, but naturally the ruder the personality of the adventurer, the more successful he was. The most important were Frenchmen and among the greater figures were Monsieur Allard and General Ventura. The list, however, includes the strange American, Dr. Harlan, McPherson and Gardiner, and Eurasians like John Holmes. It is regrettable to think that the beautiful story spun round Gardiner, who died in Kashmir as late as 1877, has been proved from the records to be entirely incorrect. Far from being a very perfect

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gentle knight, his career was stained by very ugly episodes.

It is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of these ruder characters to the wonderful story of Charles Masson, a man of high education, and an ever-restless traveller who spent twelve years wandering poor and penniless through Baluchistan, Sind, Afghanistan, Persia and the Punjab. It is difficult to realize at the present day that before the two Afghan wars the poorest and most solitary of Englishmen could wander unmolested through the wilds of the most savage parts of Asia. He had no definite goal before him, but gathered much curious lore, especially archaeological and numismatical.

A number of the European adventurers lost their lives at the hands of the Sikh soldiers during the ghastly anarchy in the Punjab from 1839 to 1845. A full account of this period is given in Messrs. Grey and Garrett's volume and it is as well that these events, less than a century ago, should be brought to mind now that there is again a desire to spread self-government in various parts of India. The Panches which prevented administration were but Soviets of workers and soldiers, and the ghastly chaos caused by them was only stopped by the intervention of the British.

AUBREY O'BRIEN

### ECONOMIST OR POLITICIAN?

*Rationalisation and Unemployment.* By J. A. Hobson. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

IT is becoming increasingly evident that economics is a mere handmaid of politics. If in this country politicians should find it convenient to propagate the idea, for instance, that the community would benefit from a wholesale printing of bank notes regardless of the cover behind them, there is little doubt that some pundit of economics would produce an apparently learned book in their support. Indeed, Mr. Hobson might perhaps fill such rôle himself, for in this book he flirts with this very idea. He writes:

If those are right who contend that in certain situations of the trade-cycle well-considered doses of inflation assist the recovery and expansion of production and of commerce, the creation of these additional supplies of money must be held to be a useful operation which deserves payment.

Mr. Hobson is evidently determined that economics shall live with the times and pipe the tune called for by politics. Communist ideas about self-government in industry are popular with him. He urges us to include as "savings" the sums that go in "public expenditure that improve the physique, intelligence and security of the workman and his family"—how soothing this must be for our modern "squandermaniacs." He calls those who to-day pay the vast bulk of the taxes "the non-working classes" how comforting for the soap-box preachers of class hatred. He supports State Socialism, advocates equality of income (not explaining, however, how this is to be brought about), and prefers high taxation, which results in doles, to raising wages. That all these political quackeries are supported by one who claims to be an economist, simply proves that economics is not a science at all, but the mere dishing-up of political beliefs in a pseudo-scientific manner.

The main theme of this book is that:

the only satisfactory escape from our present plight can be achieved by such improvements in the general distribution of income here and throughout the economic system as will place an increased proportion of the purchasing power in the hands of those who will use them in a general raising of the standard of life of the community. A better distribution and utilization of income is the only remedy for this failure of expansion of markets, or under-consumption, which shows itself as the direct cause of under-production and unemployment.

In other words, Mr. Hobson would have doles and "social services" so increased, and taxation correspondingly raised, that every working man can have a grand piano, twenty children and daily visits to cinemas. Then Utopia would be here.

Mr. Hobson has apparently been regarding Mr. G. K. Chesterton as a serious political thinker. He is obsessed with the idea that our troubles centre round distribution. "Rationalisation," he writes, "is driving home the truth that our malady is one of distribution of income." But his ideas about what really creates wealth seem very hazy. Politicians, of course, find it easier to discuss the distribution of wealth (assuming as they do that its quantity is static) rather than discuss its creation and possible disappearance. Mr. Hobson is strangely muddle-headed when he deals with factors of importance in the creation of wealth. On one page he admits that "a slowing down in the process of investment" may often have "injurious reactions upon trade and unemployment," and yet all his ideas, if carried out, would encourage us to spend our money on anything rather than save it. Possibly because Mr. Hobson realizes that this would be the result (as it has been in Soviet Russia), he propounds the doctrine that saving is evil. He is fearful that "the attempt to save a larger proportion of our reduced monetary and real income would worsen the malady by offering for investment more savings than could be digested by the industrial system" and he denies any "attempt at saving more than the economic system is able to accommodate and utilize for production." As one looks round our football matches, our cinemas, and crèches, etc., it seems as if the masses share Mr. Hobson's fears. And yet, according to this same economist, a refusal to save may have "injurious reactions upon trade

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and unemployment." Really these economists should clear their heads before writing books.

Mr. Hobson has a glimpse of the population problem: France, he truly says, has "a rigorously controlled growth of population," whereas we have "a still growing population." He even advocates that there should be "restriction on the growth of workers' families." But why, if our only trouble is in the faulty distribution of a static volume of wealth? Why not pass a law at once that every child shall have a right to every comfort and every necessary? That apparently would solve the population problem.

CYRIL MARTIN

## SHORTER NOTICES

*W.A.A.C. Demobilized.* Laurie. 7s. 6d.

THIS anonymous writer is just as naughty in "Her Private Affairs" without a war on as she was with, but perhaps to compete as a best seller one has to put in a few intimate relationships. She is an adventurous spirit and seems to attract adventures wherever she goes, getting into some rare scrapes and showing how to get out again rather neatly. The author visits the well-known cities of the world, being at her best in her description of sightseeing—where every prospect pleases and only man is vile (though she does not seem able to enjoy sightseeing without having a newly acquired man in tow, whether it be a hotel-clerk, actor or "digger," but not dagos, Chinks or photographers in the nude—all succumb to her fatal attraction and mostly become annoyingly flirtatious). She has very bad luck with her real lovers and her easily gotten wealth is becoming an obsession until she uses her capital to run a successful business.

*The London of Dickens.* By Walter Dexter. Cecil Palmer. 3s. 6d.

MR. DEXTER, the editor of the *Dickensian*, has done a real service, not merely to lovers of Dickens, but also to everyone interested in the history and literary associations of London, by reissuing this volume (which was first published in 1923) in a cheap edition. In a series of fifteen rambles, most of which can be performed in a couple of hours, he takes the reader through the London both of the novelist and the novels, and incidentally succeeds in building up a very sympathetic picture of the author of 'David Copperfield.' The pocket format makes this little book a perfect companion for the literary pilgrim, and although no one can question Mr. Dexter's love of Dickens, he writes with an absence of that idolatry which so often disfigures the work of Dickensians.

*The Dying Alderman.* By Henry Wade. Constable. 7s. 6d.

AN ingenious and well-written detective story with a novel plot, which is a delightful change from the usual cut-and-dried type. Mr. Wade holds the interest of the reader from cover to cover, the identity of the murderer being cunningly concealed throughout.

*Ancient Law.* By Sir Henry Maine. New edition with Introduction by Sir Frederick Pollock. Murray. 10s. 6d.

THERE can be few better tributes to a book than the fact that forty years after its appearance a new edition is called for, edited by one of the keenest minds of the day. Messrs. John Murray are to be congratulated on the production of this new edition of Sir Henry Maine's work. Sir Frederick Pollock wrote an introduction to the edition of 1906 and now

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contributes a new one and also extensive notes at the end of Maine's chapters. Of the greatest value is his "Note D" on 'English case-law and fiction.' The whole principle of case-law, the propounding of law by judges in individual cases, is being scrutinized afresh to-day, and only recently Mr. Justice McCardie commented in a learned judgment on "the appalling chaos of case-law by which judges are governed by decisions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries." Sir Frederick Pollock deals in an interesting manner with the Blackstonian theory that judges do not make law, but merely propound pre-existing but undeclared law. "No intelligent lawyer," he writes, "would at this day pretend that the decisions of the courts do not add to and alter the law." The truth is that judges make law and that, under present conditions, we cannot know the law until two or more people "bell the cat" and submit cases to the judges for their decision. Herein lies one of the prime drawbacks of our present system.

*Toronto: An Illustrated Tour through its Highways and Byways.* Published by the Canadian Gravure Co., Toronto.

HEREIN is described, with splendid reproductions in photogravure, the history of Toronto, and the remarkable progress made in the last hundred years. As in the case of most Canadian cities, Toronto began as a fort and fur-trading port, and from being a French settlement became in the year 1793 a British possession, when Sir John Graves Simcoe proclaimed it our "Royal Town of York" in honour of Frederick, Duke of York, the second son of King George III. In those days the town as planned covered only thirty acres; to-day Toronto covers thirty-four square miles and its buildings from shacks have grown into skyscrapers. This publication is a welcome addition to the best of those available on the subject.

### GRAMOPHONE RECORDS OF THE MONTH (COLUMBIA)

- L.X. 35, 36, 37, 38. 'Bach Preludes and Fugues.' (Four records). Evelyn Howard Jones, Pianoforte.  
L.X. 39. 'Salome—Dance of the Seven Veils' (Strauss). Parts 1 and 2.  
L.X. 40. 'Music of the Spheres' (Strauss). Parts 1 and 2. Felix Weingartner.  
D.X. 69. 'The Bronze Horse' (Auber). Overture. Parts 1 and 2. Sir Dan Godfrey conducting.  
D.X. 70. 'Bay of Biscay' (Cherry and Davy); 'Tom Bowling.' Heseltine, Tenor.  
D.X. 71. 'A Summer Night' (Marzials and G. Thomas); 'My Dearest Heart' (Sullivan). Doris Vane, Soprano.

(H.M.V.)

- D.B. 156. 'The Cuckoo and the Nightingale' (Handel). Organ Solo in 2 parts.  
D.B. 160. 'Jesus, Cyfaill F'enaid I'; 'Joanna' (St. Denia). Three Valleys Festival Choir.  
D.B. 157. 'Marigold'; 'Sweetest Flower that Blows' Duets.  
D.B. 159. 'Marchog Jesu' (Moriah); 'Land of My Fathers' (Traditional). Both in Welsh. Three Valleys Festival Choir.  
D.B. 158. 'At Santa Barbara' (Weatherly and Russell); 'Will She be Waiting Up?' (Hayes and Sterndale Bennett). Dennis Noble, Baritone with Piano.  
D. 1796. 'Carnaval Overture' (Dvorák). Orchestral.  
D.B. 1325, 1326, 1327. 'Etudes Symphoniques' (Schumann). Cortot, pianoforte solo.  
B. 3341. 'A Dollar and a Half a Day'; 'The Hog's Eye Man'; 'One More Day'; 'On The Banks Of Sacramento.' Cathedral Male Voice Quartet.  
E. 555. 'Wiegenlied—Cradle Song' (Mozart) Warnung.

## ACROSTICS

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 439

Twelfth of our 32nd Quarter

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, August 28)

SEASIDE RESORTS IN DEVON AND IN GAUL,  
ONE WIDELY KNOWN, THE OTHER SCARCE AT ALL;  
THIS FRONTS THE NORTH, THE REALM OF BOREAS COLD,  
THAT OTHER, AFRIC AND THE ISLES OF GOLD.

1. In just such elms the bard heard pigeons coo;
2. And this he was for years nigh forty-two.
3. No owl, in truth, I spin, but never screech.
4. "Wheel-animalcules" in our native speech.
5. Heart of a stream by broader Tamar swallowed.
6. Swift through the air their winged prey is followed.
7. "Man of the woods" in tongue of "swart Malay."
8. Ripe for the tomb: the dog has had his day.
9. Big fish: stripe-bellied one kind, plain another.
10. Robbed of his rights by his unhandsome brother.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 437

TREES THAT IN SOUTHERN FRANCE AS NATIVES GROW,  
(THE SECOND, ENGLAND'S SHRUBBERIES CAN SHOW.)

1. Core of a lethal combat fought by two.
2. Curtail a coal-tar dye of purple hue
3. Behold a mournful, death-foreboding sprite!
4. His clarion sometimes wakes us in the night.
5. From print remove excited, furious talk.
6. A British queen's imprisoned in this hawk
7. Acquaintance makes with vinegar and oil.
8. Fruit of skilled labour and a fertile soil.
9. Arcadian deity long gone to pot.
10. Curtail a noodle who no sense has got.
11. From Eastern nail-stain female bird withdraw.
12. Behead what doves do when they fill their maw.

Solution of Acrostic No. 437

dU El  
M au Ve  
B anshe E  
R ooste R  
E n Graving  
L anne R<sup>1</sup>  
L ettuc E  
Abundance  
P a N  
I di Ot  
henN A  
pE c K

<sup>1</sup> A kind of hawk, rather smaller than the buzzard.

ACROSTIC No. 437.—The winner is "Met," the Hon. Mrs. M. Talbot, Bifrons, Canterbury, who has selected as her prize 'The Calas Case,' by Marc Chassaigne, published by Hutchinson and reviewed by us on August 9 under the title 'A Murder Mystery.' Ten other competitors chose this book, twenty named 'The Friend of Shelley,' ten 'Look Homeward, Angel,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, Armadale, Barberry, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, Sir Reginald Egerton, Estela, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Iago, Jeff, Madge, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, N. O. Sellam, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. R. Alvarez, Boote, Boris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, D. L., Ursula D'Oot, Ebor, Farsdon, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, T. Hartland, L. W. Horton, Miss Kelly, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, Miss A. M. W. Maxwell, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Nemo, Peter, Polamar, Rho Kappa, Rabbits, Rand, Stucco, Tyro, W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. S. G., M. Milne, H. de R. Morgan. All others more.

Light 8 baffled 31 solvers; Light 3, 5; Lights 6 and 12, 2; Lights 4, 5 and 10, 1.

MRS. BOOTHROYD.—Your solution of No. 435 did not reach us, but we accept your assurance that it was correct.

C. E. FORD.—Please note that only one book may be named. SISYPHUS.—Tag was accepted, but not Ahimelech; David fled from him to Achish, whereupon King Saul slew Ahimelech and eighty-four other priests, and all the inhabitants of Nob: men, women, children, sucklings, oxen, asses and sheep.

ACROSTIC No. 436.—One Light Wrong: Rabbits.

OUR THIRTY-SECOND QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Tenth Round the following lead: Boskerris. One point down: A. E., N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, C. J. Warden. Two down: Ali, Clam, Dhualt, Fossil, Iago, Jeff, Madge, Met, Peter, St. Ives. Three down: Armadale, Bolo, Carlton, Sir Reginald Egerton, Cyril J. Ford, George W. Miller, Shorwell.

"Half a sheet of note-paper."—Competitors will oblige by writing their solutions on paper not larger than eight inches by five.





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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

THE only section of the Stock Exchange to show any sign of animation continues to be that for gilt-edged stocks. As usual during the holiday season this market benefits from the lull in the output of new issues, but this year, owing to the depressed state of trade, the public is more than ever concentrating on safety-first investments, while, owing to the low money rates obtainable, funds on deposit with the banks are being withdrawn for investment in high-class securities. For the time being the industrial market is out of fashion and, with business reduced to a minimum, it requires very little offering of stock to depress prices unduly. A fair amount of forced liquidation has been in progress and the fall in prices has been accentuated by the fact that the public are still disinclined to buy. There does not, however, appear to be an inherent weakness and in some quarters it is held that as soon as holiday-makers return, sentiment will change completely and a recovery in prices will then be shown.

## ENTRE RIOS RAILWAY

Reference was made in these notes last week to the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway and to the prospects that are held out of the company being able to maintain its dividend at 7 per cent. despite a heavy falling off in earnings. Another Argentine Railway that appears to be similarly placed is the Entre Rios. This company is one of the smaller Argentine railways, but it is well managed and has shown good results for a number of years. Since 1927 the Ordinary stockholders have received regular annual dividends of 7 per cent., and it is believed in the market that this rate of distribution will be forthcoming in respect of the year to June last, for which period an interim dividend of 3 per cent., the same as for the previous year, has already been distributed. This belief is based on the fact that for 1928-1929 the company showed profits equal to 13½ per cent. on its Ordinary capital and on the assumption that the decline of £133,000 in traffic earnings for the past twelve months will be, to a large extent, offset by reductions in expenditure. Should the optimists prove correct, the stock at its present price of about 81 would seem to be worth picking up, the yield on a 7 per cent. dividend basis being about 8½ per cent.

## CANADIAN PACIFICS

Canadian Pacifics have suffered in a remarkable manner recently from heavy sales of the shares in Wall Street, and the prices at one time dipped to about 173. These sales were accompanied by market rumours of a possible cut in the dividend, which has been 10 per cent. for a great number of years. The Company has, however, just declared the usual quarterly dividend of \$2.50, while cable advices from Montreal report that Mr. E. W. Beatty, the President of the line, has stated that the 10 per cent. dividend is secure. The price has consequently rallied from the lowest, but at around its present figure "Canpacs" yield over 5½ per cent., and as a thoroughly sound Railway investment, they are undoubtedly worthy of attention. It has already been

decided to split the \$100 shares into four shares of \$25 each, and in their new form they are likely to attract even a wider public than they do now.

## MITCHELLS AND BUTLERS

In reviewing the position of the brewery industry at the annual meeting of Mitchells and Butlers, Sir William Waters Butler referred to the increased beer duty imposed in the last Budget, and pointed out that the increase represented an imposition of £2,250,000 in the current fiscal year. While the brewers had previously agreed not to pass any of this additional charge on to the retailer or consumer, they had, Sir William stated, no idea that the income tax was to be increased to 12½ per cent. Nevertheless, they intended honourably to carry out the terms of the agreement, in the hope that the diminished costs of production, through the big stock of malt and hops they held, will partly meet the heavy increases in beer duty and income tax.

## WELL-SECURED DEBENTURES

Investors seeking for a sound debenture giving rather better return than is obtainable on similar securities at the moment should not overlook the 4½ per cent. redeemable debenture stock of Dalgety and Company, the Australian merchants. This is obtainable around 80½ free of stamp, plus accrued interest, and shows a flat yield of about 5½ per cent. The solidity of the security may be gathered from the fact that whereas the amount required for interest is £22,500, last year's available balance was £706,150. The stock is redeemable at par on April 1, 1960, or in whole or part at par and accrued interest after April 1, 1955, on six months' notice. There is thus a nice prospective profit on redemption, which, of course, is not subject to tax.

## BWANA M'KUBWA

The present market value of this company's shares appears to be largely based on the N'Kana Mine, and the company's participating rights in connexion with properties floated by the Rhodesian Selection Trust. Developments at N'Kana are reported to have exceeded expectations so far, and in order to accelerate developments in this and other directions, Bwana shareholders at the recent meeting sanctioned the creation of an additional 1,000,000 shares of 5s. each. It is not proposed to issue any of this new capital immediately.

## LEYLAND MOTORS

Rumour is notoriously a lying jade, and this is again exemplified in the case of the Leyland Motors Company, whose shares were at one time recently being sold on the suggestion that the company's business was falling off. This suggestion apparently arose from a change over by the company to more normal working hours, whereas for some time past extra hours had to be worked in order to complete a big contract. As a matter of fact, it is understood that the increase in our exports of commercial vehicles shown in recent Board of Trade returns was largely traceable to Leyland Motors. There seems, therefore, nothing in the situation to alarm shareholders, and, as previously mentioned in these notes, the next accounts, which will be made up to September 30, are expected to make very satisfactory reading.

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